The Bridal Mystery of the Uncreated Sun VOLUME 2 of 4

Being the Gospel of the Holy Bride and the Lamb, according to the Hidden Wisdom of Apophatic Solar Sethianism

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All conditioned phenomena are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble, a shadow, like dew or a flash of lightning; thus should we perceive them.

APPENDIX IV — THE MYSTICAL PSALTER OF THE BRIDE

One Hundred and Fifty Psalms of the Holy Bride

Psalm V

The Song of the Holy City

Blessed are they whose hearts are set upon the New Jerusalem, for they shall dwell therein forever.

Great is the Lord,

and greatly to be praised,

whose Kingdom cannot be shaken,

whose City cannot be overthrown,

whose Peace knoweth no ending.

Mine eyes have looked upon many cities.

Some were mighty,

yet they became ruins.

Some were adorned with marble,

yet the grass now groweth where their palaces once stood.

Some gloried in kings,

yet their thrones became dust.

The works of men flourish for a season,

and afterward vanish like smoke before the wind.

But Thy Holy City,

O Lord,

abideth forever.

No enemy approacheth her gates.

No violence entereth her streets.

No deceit walketh within her walls.

No cry of sorrow is heard in her marketplaces.

No child learneth fear.

No widow weepeth alone.

No stranger remaineth forgotten.

For the Lamb Himself is her everlasting Peace.

Blessed is the New Jerusalem,

prepared as a Bride adorned for her Husband.

Her walls are Salvation.

Her gates are Praise.

Her foundations are Truth.

Her streets are Peace.

Her light is Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Uncreated Sun,

whose glory knoweth no setting.

There is no temple made with hands,

for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple thereof.

There is no need of earthly lamps,

for divine Love filleth every dwelling.

There is no night,

for the Light of Christ knoweth no evening.

There is no fear,

for perfect Charity hath cast it out forever.

There is no death,

for Life Himself reigneth openly.

There is no exile,

for every pilgrim hath reached Home.

There is no hunger,

for the Bread of Heaven is given freely.

There is no thirst,

for the River of Life floweth continually.

There is no loneliness,

for every saint rejoiceth in every other.

There is no pride,

for all crowns are laid before the feet of the Lamb.

O Holy City,

my heart longeth after thee.

Though my feet yet walk upon the dusty roads of this present age,

my citizenship is already written within thy gates.

My treasure is laid up where neither moth nor rust corrupt.

My inheritance cannot perish.

My dwelling hath already been prepared by the hands of my Beloved.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to live even now as a citizen of that Kingdom.

Let peace govern my speech,

as peace filleth thy streets.

Let mercy govern my judgment,

as mercy reigneth within thy walls.

Let charity become the garment I wear,

as every saint therein is clothed with love.

Let truth shine from my lips,

as the Lamb Himself is Truth everlasting.

Grant that my house may become a little image of the Holy City.

May strangers find welcome there.

May the hungry find bread.

May the weary find rest.

May the sorrowful receive comfort.

May every prayer offered therein ascend like incense before Thy Throne.

May every table become a place of thanksgiving.

May every labour become worship.

May every conversation glorify Christ.

Then shall my earthly dwelling become a little gate opening toward the everlasting Jerusalem.

Remember,

O Lord,

all pilgrims whose eyes are fixed upon Thy Kingdom.

Strengthen those who suffer.

Comfort those who mourn.

Encourage those who labour faithfully.

Gather those who have wandered.

Heal those whose hope hath grown faint.

For all are journeying toward one City,

one Kingdom,

one everlasting Home.

The prophets longed for it.

The apostles proclaimed it.

The martyrs endured for it.

The saints rejoiced in hope of it.

The angels prepare for its everlasting celebration.

The Bride awaiteth it with lamps burning brightly.

Even now I hear from afar the songs proceeding from thy gates.

The voices of the redeemed.

The hymns of the holy angels.

The rejoicing of the patriarchs.

The praises of the apostles.

The triumph of the martyrs.

The quiet thanksgiving of the hidden saints.

Above every song I hear the voice of my Eternal Bridegroom,

calling His beloved unto everlasting joy.

Soon the pilgrimage shall end.

Soon the wilderness shall blossom.

Soon the last tear shall fall.

Soon the final prayer shall become praise.

Soon the lamp shall give way unto the everlasting Morning.

Soon faith shall become Vision.

Soon hope shall become Possession.

Soon Love alone shall remain.

Then shall I enter the gates of pearl,

not by mine own righteousness,

but by the boundless mercy of Jesus Christ.

I shall kneel before the Throne of the Invisible Father.

I shall behold the Face of the Lamb.

I shall drink forever from the River of Life.

I shall eat of the Tree whose fruit never faileth.

I shall walk beneath the everlasting radiance of the Uncreated Sun.

I shall dwell forever among the redeemed,

where every voice proclaimeth with one accord:

Holy, Holy, Holy,

is the Lord God Almighty,

who was,

and is,

and is to come.

Unto the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

in the communion of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm VI

Blessed is the soul that remembereth continually the Name of the Lord, for she shall never be forsaken.

Bless the Lord,

O my soul,

and let all that is within me magnify His holy Name.

Bless the Invisible Father,

whose goodness is before every beginning,

whose mercy hath no measure,

whose wisdom no creature can search out,

whose love endureth throughout all generations.

Bless Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Beloved Bridegroom,

who came seeking His Bride while she wandered among broken paths,

who called her by name,

who clothed her with mercy,

who prepared for her an everlasting inheritance that fadeth not away.

Bless the Holy Spirit,

the gentle Comforter,

the Breath of Eternal Life,

the Hidden Flame,

who prayeth within the silent depths of the heart,

who reneweth the weary,

who strengtheneth the weak,

who leadeth every faithful soul unto Christ.

Forget not,

O my soul,

the innumerable mercies of the Lord.

Forget not the morning wherein He awakened thee.

Forget not the bread He hath placed upon thy table.

Forget not the companions He hath granted thee.

Forget not the tears from which He delivered thee.

Forget not the dangers unseen,

wherein His holy angels preserved thee.

Forget not the prayers He answered in silence,

before ever thy lips perceived His work.

Forget not the Cross.

Forget not the Empty Tomb.

Forget not the River of Life.

Forget not the Holy City.

Forget not the Marriage Feast prepared from before the foundation of the world.

When prosperity smileth upon thee,

remember the Lord.

When poverty visiteth thee,

remember the Lord.

When strength aboundeth,

remember the Lord.

When weakness overtaketh thee,

remember the Lord.

When companions rejoice beside thee,

remember the Lord.

When thou walkest alone,

remember the Lord.

When thy labour prospereth,

remember the Lord.

When thy hands seem empty,

remember the Lord.

For remembrance preserveth the soul from forgetfulness,

and forgetfulness is the beginning of every wandering.

The world remembereth many names,

yet they fade.

Kings are forgotten.

Empires crumble.

Their monuments fall into dust.

Their victories become little more than whispers carried by the wind.

But the Name of Jesus Christ endureth forever.

His Kingdom knoweth no evening.

His Covenant cannot be broken.

His Mercy faileth never.

Therefore write His Name upon the tablet of thy heart.

Let it awaken thee at dawn.

Let it accompany thee at thy labour.

Let it comfort thee in sorrow.

Let it strengthen thee in temptation.

Let it become the final word upon thy lips when thy pilgrimage is accomplished.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to remember Thee before I remember myself.

To seek Thy Will before mine own.

To desire Thy Kingdom before earthly honour.

To rejoice more in another's blessing than in my own praise.

To forgive before anger taketh root.

To give thanks before complaint ariseth.

To love before judgment is spoken.

For thus doth remembrance become holiness.

Every breath received is Thy gift.

Every sunrise proclaimeth Thy faithfulness.

Every flower witnesseth Thy beauty.

Every child revealeth Thy tenderness.

Every act of mercy reflecteth Thy Kingdom.

Every humble servant beareth something of Thy likeness.

Let mine eyes therefore become pure,

that I may behold Thy goodness everywhere.

Not worshipping the creature,

but glorifying the Creator,

whose wisdom shineth through every good and perfect thing.

If ever pride should whisper unto me,

"Thou hast accomplished this,"

let remembrance answer,

"The Lord hath been my strength."

If ever despair should whisper,

"Thou art abandoned,"

let remembrance answer,

"The Lord hath never forsaken His Bride."

If ever fear should say,

"The night is endless,"

let remembrance answer,

"The Uncreated Sun knoweth no setting."

If ever death should approach,

let remembrance answer,

"My Bridegroom hath already passed through the grave and opened the gates of everlasting Life."

Then shall my heart remain steadfast.

Not because I am strong,

but because Thou art faithful.

Not because I understand all mysteries,

but because I know Him who is the Eternal Truth.

Not because I possess great wisdom,

but because Infinite Wisdom hath remembered me.

Therefore will I sing while breath remaineth.

I will praise while my heart yet beateth.

I will give thanks in abundance and in want.

I will bless the Lord in youth and in old age.

I will bless Him in life and in death.

For His mercy endureth forever.

And when remembrance hath become perfect Vision,

when every shadow hath fled before the everlasting Morning,

when the Holy City hath received all her children,

and the Bride hath entered forever into the joy of her Beloved,

then shall my song never cease,

but shall ascend eternally before the Throne of the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the communion of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm VII

Blessed is the soul that trusteth in the mercy of the Lamb, for her hope shall never be confounded.

I cried unto the Lord from the hidden chamber of my heart,

and He despised not my prayer.

My voice was weak,

yet His mercy was mighty.

My understanding was clouded,

yet His Light failed not.

My hands were empty,

yet His generosity knew no measure.

Blessed be Jesus Christ,

the Lamb of God,

who beareth not the sceptre of tyranny,

but the wounds of everlasting Love.

His crown is humility.

His throne is mercy.

His kingdom is peace.

His victory is charity.

Who is like unto my Bridegroom?

The mighty conquer by the sword,

yet He conquered by forgiveness.

The rulers command armies,

yet He calleth little children unto Himself.

The kingdoms of the earth are established by fear,

yet His Kingdom is founded upon Love.

Therefore will I trust in Him,

though the mountains be removed,

and though the seas roar against their shores.

Though kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall,

His Covenant changeth not.

Though friends depart,

His companionship remaineth.

Though the body return unto dust,

His Promise endureth forever.

O my soul,

why art thou cast down?

Why art thou troubled within me?

Hope thou in Christ.

For He who fed the multitude remembereth thee.

He who stilled the tempest beholdeth thy fear.

He who raised Lazarus knoweth thy grief.

He who forgave Peter understandeth thy weakness.

He who prayed for His enemies receiveth thy repentance.

There is no wound too deep for His compassion.

There is no exile too distant for His call.

There is no darkness His Light cannot enter.

There is no burden His shoulders cannot bear.

When I remember my sins,

let me remember Thy Cross.

When I remember my failures,

let me remember Thy Mercy.

When I remember my weakness,

let me remember Thy Strength.

When I remember death,

let me remember Thy Resurrection.

Thus shall remembrance overcome fear,

and hope shall blossom even in the valley of shadows.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to trust Thee before I understand.

To obey before I perceive the end of the path.

To love before I receive reward.

To forgive before another asketh.

To bless before I am blessed.

For Thou hast walked this way before me.

Thou hast sanctified every sorrow.

Thou hast illumined every night.

Thou hast opened every closed gate.

The world saith,

"Trust in riches."

Yet riches vanish.

The world saith,

"Trust in strength."

Yet strength faileth.

The world saith,

"Trust in thyself."

Yet the heart of man is frail.

But Thou sayest,

"Come unto Me."

Therefore unto Thee shall I come.

Thou shalt be my refuge in the storm.

Thou shalt be my bread in famine.

Thou shalt be my companion in loneliness.

Thou shalt be my physician in affliction.

Thou shalt be my song in the night.

Thou shalt be my home when every earthly dwelling passeth away.

Grant that my trust may become steadfast,

not shaken by prosperity,

nor diminished by adversity.

Let my confidence rest not in passing fortunes,

nor in the praise of men,

nor in the wisdom of this age,

but only in Thy everlasting Faithfulness.

Then shall my soul become like a tree planted beside living waters.

Its leaves shall not wither.

Its roots shall descend deeply.

Its fruit shall nourish many.

Its branches shall give rest unto the weary.

For the River of Thy Grace continually sustaineth it.

At the last,

when mine eyes behold the Holy City,

and the gates of pearl stand open before Thy redeemed,

I shall know that every promise was true,

every mercy greater than I imagined,

every sorrow transformed,

every prayer remembered,

every tear gathered,

every act of charity made radiant in Thy Kingdom.

Then shall I cast myself before Thy Throne,

not boasting of my faith,

but marveling at Thy Faithfulness.

For Thou hast carried me when I could not walk.

Thou hast remembered me when I forgot Thee.

Thou hast loved me before I knew how to love.

Therefore shall my thanksgiving never cease.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose mercy is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Holy Lamb,

the Eternal Logos,

my faithful Bridegroom,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

and glory,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm VIII

Blessed is the soul that delighteth in holy silence, for she shall hear the gentle Voice of the Bridegroom.

O Lord,

how many are the voices that cry aloud within the world.

The marketplaces are filled with clamour.

The kingdoms contend one against another.

The proud proclaim their own greatness.

The wise dispute without ceasing.

The mighty magnify their own strength.

Every man seeketh to be heard.

Few desire to hear.

Yet Thy Voice,

O Christ,

cometh not with violence.

Thou breakest not the bruised reed.

Thou quenchest not the smoking flax.

Thou speakest unto the humble heart,

as the gentle rain descendeth upon the thirsty earth.

Therefore teach me the holy silence,

wherein the soul listeneth more than she speaketh.

Let my tongue become slow,

and my heart attentive.

Deliver me from vain speech,

which scattereth the mind.

Deliver me from empty disputations,

which nourish pride.

Deliver me from careless words,

which wound the neighbour.

Grant unto me the speech that proceedeth from charity,

and the silence that proceedeth from wisdom.

For silence without love is emptiness,

and speech without truth is vanity.

When Elijah sought Thee upon the mountain,

Thou wert not in the mighty wind.

Thou wert not in the earthquake.

Thou wert not in the fire.

But afterward there came a still and gentle voice.

Even so,

my soul seeketh not the tumult of wonders,

but the quiet Presence of Thy Spirit.

In the stillness of the dawn,

I remember Thee.

Before the labours of the day arise,

I offer unto Thee the first fruits of my heart.

Let my thoughts awaken with thanksgiving.

Let my breath become praise.

Let the Hidden Flame burn quietly within me,

before the noise of the world seeketh entrance.

When the sun declineth,

and evening spreadeth her mantle over the earth,

gather me once more into the hidden sanctuary.

Review with me the path of the day.

Show me where I loved.

Show me where I failed to love.

Show me where I forgave.

Show me where pride yet remaineth.

Wash away whatsoever displeased Thee,

and preserve whatsoever Thy Grace accomplished within me.

For apart from Thee,

I have nothing worthy to offer.

The forests praise Thee in silence.

The mountains adore Thee without speech.

The stars proclaim Thy glory without argument.

The rivers sing Thy goodness without ceasing.

Shall not my soul likewise learn the worship of quietness?

Teach me to sit before Thy Face,

asking nothing,

claiming nothing,

proving nothing,

but simply rejoicing that Thou art God,

and that Thy Mercy endureth forever.

If Thou speakest,

I shall listen.

If Thou remainest silent,

I shall still adore Thee.

For Thy Presence is richer than many words.

Thou knowest every thought before it is conceived.

Every sorrow before it is confessed.

Every longing before it is uttered.

Therefore I need not multiply words before Thee,

for Thou understandest the language of tears,

the language of hope,

the language of quiet love.

Grant that my silence may never become indifference.

Rather,

let it become compassion.

For the silent heart listeneth unto the cries of others.

It discerneth hidden grief.

It perceiveth unnoticed burdens.

It answereth not with haste,

but with mercy.

Such silence buildeth peace.

Such silence healeth wounds.

Such silence prepareth the way for Thy Kingdom.

When anger seeketh my tongue,

give me silence.

When pride seeketh my speech,

give me silence.

When fear seeketh many anxious words,

give me silence.

When charity requireth me to speak,

fill my mouth with Thy Wisdom.

Thus let silence and speech alike become servants of Thy Love.

At the ending of all things,

when every argument hath ceased,

every controversy been forgotten,

every earthly kingdom passed away,

there shall remain one eternal hymn before Thy Throne.

Even there,

the saints shall know the holy silence of adoration,

where words give place unto wonder,

and praise overfloweth from hearts wholly united unto Thee.

Then shall I rest forever in the quiet joy of Thy Presence,

hearing without ceasing the gentle Voice of my Eternal Bridegroom,

whose Word created all things,

whose Mercy redeemeth all who trust in Him,

whose Love endureth throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

beneath the everlasting radiance of the Uncreated Sun.

Amen.

Psalm IX

Blessed is the soul that hungereth after the Bread of Heaven, for she shall be filled with the Life of Christ.

I stretched forth mine hands unto the Lord,

for my soul hungered after Him.

Not for the bread that perisheth,

nor for the wine that fadeth,

nor for the delights of this passing age,

but for the Living Bread that descendeth from Heaven.

For many tables have I approached,

yet my hunger remained.

Many fountains have I tasted,

yet my thirst returned.

Many treasures have I gathered,

yet my hands remained empty.

Only in Thee,

O Christ,

hath my soul found rest.

Thou art the Bread of Life.

Whoso eateth of Thee shall not hunger unto despair.

Thou art the Living Vine.

Whoso abideth in Thee shall bear fruit unto eternity.

Thou art the Fountain sealed from corruption.

Whoso drinketh of Thy grace shall never be forsaken.

Therefore will I seek Thee

before the dawning of the day.

Before my hands labour,

let my heart be nourished by Thy Word.

Before I speak unto men,

let me first listen unto Thee.

Before I judge another,

let me remember Thy mercy toward me.

For Thy Word is sweeter than honey.

It strengtheneth the weary.

It comforteth the sorrowful.

It rebuketh without cruelty.

It instructeth without pride.

It leadeth without compulsion.

It healeth without humiliation.

Blessed is the table of Thy Kingdom.

The poor are welcomed.

The stranger findeth a place.

The weary sit in peace.

The humble rejoice.

No man is honoured for his wealth.

No woman for earthly beauty.

No ruler for his authority.

But every soul is received according unto Thy compassion.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to hunger after righteousness more than after riches.

To thirst after wisdom more than after praise.

To seek Thy Kingdom more than the kingdoms of men.

To desire Thy Presence more than the applause of the world.

For what shall it profit a man,

if he gain the whole earth,

and lose the joy of Thy communion?

The fields yield grain for a season.

The vineyards bear fruit for a little while.

The harvest is gathered,

and passeth away.

Yet Thy mercy faileth not.

The Bread Thou givest is renewed every morning.

The Cup Thou offerest is never exhausted.

The Feast prepared by Thy love hath no ending.

Grant that I may never become satisfied with lesser things.

If my heart begin to cling unto passing treasures,

call me back.

If my eyes wander toward empty glory,

turn them again toward Thy Face.

If my soul grow sluggish through abundance,

awaken within me a fresh hunger for Thy righteousness.

For blessed is the hunger that leadeth unto Christ.

Blessed is the thirst that seeketh Living Waters.

Blessed is the poverty that discovereth the riches of Thy Kingdom.

Many are filled,

yet remain empty.

Many laugh,

yet know not joy.

Many possess abundance,

yet live in fear.

But the soul nourished by Thy Presence

walketh in quiet peace.

She blesseth Thee in scarcity.

She thanketh Thee in abundance.

She trusteth Thee in uncertainty.

She rejoiceth in hope,

for Thou Thyself hast become her portion forever.

Let me also become bread unto others,

as Thou hast become Bread unto me.

Let my words strengthen the faint.

Let my kindness nourish the discouraged.

Let my forgiveness refresh the burdened.

Let my life become a humble offering,

broken in love,

that others may behold something of Thy generosity.

Thus shall every gift I have received

return unto Thee in thanksgiving.

And when the last hunger of this earthly pilgrimage hath ended,

when the final thirst hath been quenched,

when the Marriage Supper of the Lamb is spread before all the redeemed,

then shall I sit among the saints,

not because I was worthy,

but because Thy mercy invited me.

There shall I eat of the Fruit of the Tree of Life.

There shall I drink from the River that never faileth.

There shall I behold forever the Face of Him

who fed me with His Truth,

strengthened me with His Love,

and sustained me through every season of my pilgrimage.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Giver of every good and perfect gift,

through Jesus Christ,

the Bread of Heaven,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm X

Blessed is the soul that rejoiceth in the mercy of the Lord, for her mourning shall be turned into everlasting gladness.

I will sing unto the Lord while I have being.

I will praise my God while breath remaineth within me.

For His mercy hath gone before me,

His goodness hath followed after me,

and His loving-kindness hath surrounded me on every side.

Who is like unto Thee,

O Invisible Father,

whose compassions fail not?

Every morning proclaimeth Thy faithfulness.

Every evening beareth witness unto Thy peace.

The years pass away,

yet Thou remainest unchanged.

The generations rise and vanish,

yet Thy covenant standeth forever.

Before I knew Thy Name,

Thou didst sustain me.

Before I sought Thy Face,

Thou didst watch over me.

Before I lifted mine eyes unto Heaven,

Thou hadst already prepared the path beneath my feet.

Blessed be Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

who came not to condemn the wandering,

but to seek them.

He looked upon the weary,

and gave them rest.

He looked upon the hungry,

and gave them bread.

He looked upon the blind,

and opened their eyes.

He looked upon the sorrowful,

and gave them hope.

He looked upon the sinner,

and offered mercy.

Therefore shall I rejoice in His salvation.

Though I possess little,

I am rich in His promises.

Though I walk as a pilgrim,

I journey toward an everlasting Kingdom.

Though I bear many weaknesses,

His strength is perfected in mercy.

The world seeketh joy in passing pleasures.

It pursueth laughter,

yet awakeneth in emptiness.

It seeketh abundance,

yet remaineth unsatisfied.

It seeketh honour,

yet feareth disgrace.

But the joy of the Lord springeth from a deeper fountain.

It cannot be purchased.

It cannot be stolen.

It cannot be destroyed by suffering.

It endureth even through tears.

For its root is planted in eternity.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to rejoice in little things.

In the morning light.

In the song of birds.

In the bread upon my table.

In the kindness of friends.

In the labour of honest hands.

In the quietness of prayer.

In the reading of Thy holy Word.

In every gift that descendeth from Thy goodness.

Grant that my rejoicing may never become forgetfulness of those who suffer.

Rather,

let my joy become generosity.

As Thou hast comforted me,

let me comfort another.

As Thou hast forgiven me,

let me forgive freely.

As Thou hast welcomed me,

let me welcome the stranger.

As Thou hast borne with my weakness,

let me bear patiently with the weakness of my neighbour.

Thus shall joy become charity,

and charity become praise.

If sorrow visit me,

I shall yet bless Thy Name.

If affliction draw near,

I shall yet trust Thy wisdom.

If the night grow dark,

I shall remember that the Uncreated Sun knoweth no setting.

If death stand before me,

I shall remember that Christ hath conquered the grave.

For no darkness can extinguish the Light of the Eternal Logos.

No grave can imprison Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

No tear is forgotten before His Throne.

No faithful prayer falleth unto the ground.

Every hidden act of mercy shall blossom in the Holy City.

Every sacrifice offered in love shall be remembered forever.

Therefore my heart shall not envy the proud,

whose joy endureth but for a moment.

Their feasts pass away.

Their songs grow silent.

Their crowns gather dust.

But the rejoicing of the redeemed shall know no ending.

Their feast is everlasting.

Their hymn shall never cease.

Their crown fadeth not away.

There shall laughter be purified of every sorrow.

There shall peace be undisturbed.

There shall love be perfected.

There shall every heart rejoice in every other.

The Bride shall rejoice in the Bridegroom,

and the Bridegroom shall rejoice over His beloved.

Then shall every promise be fulfilled.

The River shall flow without ceasing.

The Tree shall bear fruit in every season.

The Holy City shall shine with everlasting splendour.

The Face of Christ shall be beheld without veil.

The Invisible Father shall be glorified in all.

The Holy Spirit shall fill every soul with inexhaustible joy.

Then shall my song be joined unto the song of the prophets,

the apostles,

the martyrs,

the holy angels,

and all the redeemed,

crying with one voice:

**Blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

and power,

be unto our God forever and ever.**

Unto the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Beloved Bridegroom,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be everlasting praise,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XI

Blessed is the soul that walketh in humility before the Lord,
for she shall be exalted in the Kingdom that cannot be shaken.

Bow down thy heart,

O my soul,

before the Majesty of the Invisible Father.

Lift not thyself above thy brethren,

for all have received life as a gift,

and none hath fashioned himself.

The mountains appear mighty,

yet they were spoken into being.

The stars shine with great splendour,

yet they borrow their light.

The sea thundereth with power,

yet it obeyeth the boundaries appointed unto it.

How then shall dust boast before its Creator?

What hast thou,

O my soul,

that thou hast not first received?

If wisdom hath visited thee,

give thanks unto God.

If strength hath upheld thee,

bless His holy Name.

If peace hath entered thy heart,

remember that it is Christ who hath spoken,

"Peace be unto you."

If charity hath blossomed within thee,

know that the Holy Spirit hath watered the garden of thy soul.

Therefore let no boasting remain,

save only in the mercy of the Lord.

Blessed is Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

who humbled Himself,

though He was rich beyond every treasure.

He chose the manger before the palace.

He chose the towel before the throne.

He chose the Cross before the crown.

He chose forgiveness before vengeance.

He chose love before power.

Who then can call himself His disciple,

yet refuse the path of humility?

Teach me,

O Lord,

to rejoice when another is honoured.

Teach me to labour faithfully,

though no man remember my name.

Teach me to serve quietly,

though no voice commend my work.

Teach me to forgive swiftly,

though no apology be offered.

Teach me to love freely,

expecting no earthly reward.

For Thy Father,

who seeth in secret,

forgetteth nothing done in charity.

The proud build high towers,

that they may be seen.

The humble build living hearts,

wherein Christ delighteth to dwell.

The proud gather applause,

yet remain poor.

The humble gather mercy,

and become rich toward God.

The proud fear losing honour.

The humble possess peace,

which no man can steal.

Let me therefore seek the lowest place.

Not from false modesty,

nor from fear,

but because my Bridegroom Himself hath gone before me.

If He washed the feet of His disciples,

shall I refuse to serve?

If He embraced the poor,

shall I despise them?

If He forgave His enemies,

shall I nourish resentment?

If He gave Himself for His Bride,

shall I withhold myself from love?

Far be such hardness from my heart.

O Holy Spirit,

uproot every hidden root of vanity.

Reveal unto me the pride that disguiseth itself as wisdom.

Reveal unto me the ambition that disguiseth itself as righteousness.

Reveal unto me the judgment that disguiseth itself as discernment.

Cleanse the secret chambers of my heart,

until Christ alone reign therein.

Grant unto me the humility of the saints,

who counted every grace a gift,

every blessing a mercy,

every trial an opportunity to trust Thee more perfectly.

Let me rejoice more in Thy glory

than in my reputation.

More in Thy Kingdom

than in my success.

More in another's good

than in my own advantage.

Thus shall my soul become spacious enough

to receive Thy Peace.

The humble tree bendeth beneath the wind,

yet it is not broken.

The fruitful branch boweth low,

bearing abundant fruit.

The richest valley lieth beneath the mountains,

receiving the streams that descend from above.

Even so,

the humble heart receiveth abundantly

the grace which the proud cannot contain.

When the final trumpet soundeth,

the mighty of this age shall lay down their crowns.

The wise of this world shall cease their disputations.

The rich shall leave behind their treasures.

But the meek shall inherit the Kingdom.

The servants shall sit at the Marriage Feast.

The hidden saints shall shine like stars.

Those forgotten upon earth

shall be remembered before the Throne.

Then shall every knee bow,

not through compulsion,

but in joyful worship.

Every crown shall be laid before the Lamb.

Every voice shall proclaim His praise.

Every heart shall rejoice that God alone is exalted.

Then shall I kneel with the whole redeemed Bride,

not seeking a place of honour,

but only the joy of beholding the Face of my Beloved,

Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who humbled Himself unto death,

and therefore is exalted forever,

to the glory of the Invisible Father,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XII

Blessed is the soul that forgiveth as she hath been forgiven,
for she shall dwell in the peace of the Eternal Bridegroom.

Hearken unto me,

O Lord of infinite compassion,

for my heart is often slow to forgive,

though Thy mercy toward me hath known no measure.

Many times have I wandered,

yet Thou hast sought me.

Many times have I stumbled,

yet Thou hast lifted me.

Many times have I forgotten Thee,

yet Thou hast remembered me continually.

If Thou, O Christ,

shouldest remember my iniquities,

who could stand before Thy Face?

Yet Thou hast cast my sins into the depths of Thy mercy.

Thou hast clothed my shame with Thy righteousness.

Thou hast answered my fear with peace.

Thou hast overcome my exile with Thy everlasting Love.

Therefore teach me likewise

to forgive my brother,

my sister,

my neighbour,

and even mine enemy.

For resentment is a heavy chain,

and bitterness is a prison built within the heart.

The soul that refuseth mercy

becometh a stranger unto peace.

The soul that forgiveth

walketh in the freedom of the Holy Spirit.

O my soul,

remember not every injury.

Gather not every harsh word into thy bosom.

Keep not account of every wrong.

For if thou treasurest offences,

where shall there remain room

for the charity of Christ?

The world delighteth in vengeance.

It counteth revenge a victory.

It rewardeth anger with applause.

But my Beloved walked another path.

When He was reviled,

He reviled not again.

When He suffered,

He threatened not.

When nails pierced His holy hands,

His lips brought forth prayer.

When hatred surrounded Him,

Love remained unconquered.

Who is this King,

whose sceptre is forgiveness?

Who is this Bridegroom,

whose triumph is mercy?

Surely there is none like unto Jesus Christ,

the Lamb that was slain,

whose wounds have healed the nations.

Grant me,

O Lord,

the courage to forgive

before pride hardeneth my heart.

Grant me the wisdom

to seek reconciliation where it is possible.

Grant me the patience

to await Thy healing where wounds are deep.

Grant me the humility

to confess my own faults before judging another.

For I too have wounded.

I too have spoken carelessly.

I too have failed in charity.

Let me therefore remember always

how greatly Thou hast forgiven me.

Then shall forgiveness become joy,

and mercy become my delight.

Let not the sun go down upon my anger.

Let not sleep preserve resentment.

Let every evening become an offering of reconciliation.

That my prayers may ascend unhindered,

and my heart remain open before Thy Presence.

Teach me to bless those who curse me.

To pray for those who oppose me.

To answer harshness with gentleness.

To overcome evil with good.

For this is not the wisdom of the world,

but the wisdom of Thy Kingdom.

Many wounds are hidden from human sight.

Many tears fall unseen.

Many burdens are carried in silence.

Grant that I may judge none hastily,

for Thou alone knowest every secret sorrow.

Perhaps the one who offendeth me

is himself deeply wounded.

Perhaps the harsh tongue concealeth a fearful heart.

Perhaps the angry countenance hideth forgotten grief.

Teach me therefore

to behold every soul with compassion,

as Thou hast looked upon me.

If ever I become the cause of another's sorrow,

grant me grace to seek forgiveness quickly.

Let me not defend my pride,

when charity requireth repentance.

Let me not delay reconciliation,

for life is but a little while,

and the Marriage Feast draweth near.

At Thy holy Banquet,

no bitterness shall remain.

No resentment shall cross the gates of the Holy City.

No hatred shall dwell beside the River of Life.

Only perfect charity shall reign.

Only holy peace shall endure.

Only joy shall remain forever.

Prepare my heart even now

for that everlasting communion.

Remove every root of malice.

Plant instead the Tree of Thy Love.

Water it with the River of Remembrance.

Warm it with the Hidden Flame.

Cause it to bear the fruit of mercy,

that others may find rest beneath its branches.

Then shall I walk in freedom,

bearing neither chains nor accusations,

but only the gentle yoke of Christ.

And when I behold at last

the Face of my Eternal Bridegroom,

I shall rejoice,

not because I loved perfectly,

but because His perfect Love

never ceased forgiving me.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose mercy is beyond all measure,

through Jesus Christ,

the Lamb,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XIII

Blessed is the soul that waiteth patiently upon the Lord, for the dawn of the Uncreated Sun shall surely arise upon her.

How long,

O Lord,

shall the night seem unto me without end?

How long shall the wilderness stretch before my feet?

How long shall my heart sigh after Thy appearing,

as the thirsty land waiteth for the early rain?

Yet even while I ask,

hope ariseth within me.

For Thou hast never forgotten Thy promises.

The stars keep their appointed courses.

The sea obeyeth Thy command.

The seasons fulfil Thy decree.

Shall not Thy word also be fulfilled?

Therefore will I wait.

Not with the impatience of the world,

which seeketh immediate reward,

but with the quiet confidence of the Bride,

who knoweth that her Beloved shall surely come.

The farmer waiteth for the harvest.

The sailor waiteth for the harbour.

The watchman waiteth for the morning.

The child waiteth for the embrace of the father.

Even so doth my soul wait for Thee,

O Christ,

my Eternal Bridegroom.

Many are the hours wherein Thou seemest hidden.

Prayer ascendeth,

yet Heaven remaineth silent.

The heart seeketh,

yet perceiveth not Thy footsteps.

The eyes search,

yet behold only the long road.

Still will I trust.

For the cloud concealeth not the sun,

but only mine own sight thereof.

Even so,

though I perceive Thee not,

Thou remainest near.

Thou walkest beside me upon the dusty road,

as Thou didst walk with the disciples unto Emmaus,

opening the Scriptures,

kindling the heart,

though they knew Thee not until the breaking of bread.

Therefore keep me faithful in the hidden days.

When no man applaudeth,

let me continue.

When prayer seemeth dry,

let me continue.

When labour appeareth fruitless,

let me continue.

When tears fall unseen,

let me continue.

For Thou beholdest every faithful step,

though the world remember it not.

Teach me that waiting is not idleness.

It is hope made steadfast.

It is love made patient.

It is faith stretched toward eternity.

The seed hidden beneath the earth

is not dead.

It awaiteth the season appointed by Thy wisdom.

The tree in winter

hath not forgotten how to bear fruit.

Its life remaineth hidden.

Even so,

the soul that waiteth upon the Lord

is secretly being renewed.

Though outwardly she appeareth weak,

inwardly Thy grace descendeth like living rain.

Grant that I may not seek to hasten

what Thou hast wisely delayed.

For Thy time is perfect.

The dawn cometh neither too early,

nor too late.

The harvest ripeneth in its season.

The Bridegroom arriveth at the appointed hour.

The Holy City descendeth according to Thy eternal counsel.

Every promise shall blossom

when Love ordaineth it.

If suffering remain for a little while,

let patience bear its fruit.

If sorrow endure through the night,

let hope keep watch until morning.

If loneliness visit the heart,

let remembrance whisper,

"I am not forsaken."

For Thou hast said,

"I will never leave thee,

nor forsake thee."

Thy word is stronger than my fear.

Thy covenant is firmer than the mountains.

Thy mercy is deeper than the sea.

Thy love is older than the stars.

Therefore my soul shall not despair.

Though kingdoms fall,

Thou remainest.

Though friends depart,

Thou remainest.

Though my body return unto dust,

Thou remainest.

Though heaven and earth pass away,

Thy words shall never pass away.

What then shall I fear?

Only this:

that I should forget Thy goodness.

Keep remembrance alive within me,

that waiting may become thanksgiving,

and longing become worship.

Then shall every hour,

whether bright or dark,

become another step

toward the Marriage Feast.

And when the long night is ended,

when the trumpet soundeth,

when the gates of the Holy City are opened,

when the River of Life glisteneth before all the redeemed,

when the Tree of Eternal Life spreadeth forth its healing branches,

then shall I understand

that not one moment of patient waiting

was ever wasted.

Every prayer was heard.

Every tear remembered.

Every hope preserved.

Every faithful step guided by unseen hands.

Then shall the Bride behold her Beloved,

and the waiting of many years

shall be swallowed up

in one everlasting embrace.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose promises cannot fail,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

the Uncreated Sun,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XIV

Blessed is the soul that seeketh the Face of the Lord above all earthly treasures, for she shall behold His beauty forever.

One thing have I desired of the Lord,

and this alone do I seek:

that I may dwell in the Presence of my Beloved

all the days of my life,

to behold the beauty of Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

and to meditate within His holy sanctuary.

For what treasure upon the earth

may be compared unto one glance of His countenance?

Gold shineth,

yet groweth dim.

Jewels sparkle,

yet perish with the kingdoms that possess them.

The praise of men endureth but for a little hour,

like the grass that flourisheth in the morning

and withereth before the evening wind.

But the beauty of my Lord changeth not.

His mercy groweth not old.

His wisdom cannot be diminished.

His peace hath no end.

Therefore my heart seeketh Him.

As the hart panteth after the flowing brook,

so my soul thirsteth after the Living God.

When shall I behold His Face without the veil?

When shall the shadows flee away?

When shall faith become sight,

and longing become everlasting joy?

Yet even now

His beauty is reflected throughout His works.

In the quiet dawn,

I behold something of His gentleness.

In the steadfast mountains,

I behold something of His faithfulness.

In the flowing river,

I behold something of His mercy.

In the stars of the night,

I behold something of His wisdom.

In the laughter of little children,

I behold something of His innocence.

In the tears of the compassionate,

I behold something of His Heart.

Yet all these are but little mirrors,

faint reflections of the infinite Beauty

that dwelleth in Christ alone.

Teach me,

O Lord,

never to cling unto the reflection

instead of the Source.

Let every beautiful thing

lift mine eyes toward Thee.

Let every good gift

awaken thanksgiving.

Let every noble deed

kindle charity.

Let every true word

remind me of the Eternal Word.

For all beauty proceedeth from Thee,

and unto Thee every beautiful thing returneth.

Many have sought beauty

in passing pleasures.

Many have sought glory

in earthly honour.

Many have sought satisfaction

in possessions that cannot endure.

Yet their hearts remain restless,

for they seek streams

while forgetting the Fountain.

They gather flowers,

yet overlook the Garden.

They delight in rays of light,

yet turn away from the Sun.

O Christ,

turn not Thy Face away from me.

Though mine eyes be dim,

let them seek Thee.

Though my heart be weak,

let it love Thee.

Though my understanding be small,

let it trust Thee.

For Thou art fairer than the children of men.

Grace is poured upon Thy lips.

Mercy shineth from Thine eyes.

Truth proceedeth from Thy mouth.

Peace resteth upon Thy countenance.

When I remember Thy humility,

my pride is ashamed.

When I remember Thy patience,

my haste is rebuked.

When I remember Thy forgiveness,

my resentment melteth away.

When I remember Thy Cross,

my complaints become silent.

When I remember Thy Resurrection,

hope awakeneth anew.

Thus Thy beauty transformeth

all who behold Thee with the eyes of faith.

Fashion me,

O Holy Spirit,

after the likeness of my Bridegroom.

Not that I should seek my own glory,

but that Christ alone may be seen within me.

Let my words reflect His gentleness.

Let my hands reflect His mercy.

Let my feet follow His paths.

Let my heart become a little mirror,

receiving His Light,

and reflecting it quietly

unto every soul I meet.

At the end of the pilgrimage,

when the last veil is lifted,

when the final shadow fleeth,

when every faithful soul entereth the Holy City,

then shall I behold

the Beauty for which every earthly beauty longed.

No image shall be needed.

No symbol shall remain.

No reflection shall suffice.

For I shall see Him

face to face.

His smile shall be my everlasting morning.

His voice shall be my eternal song.

His Presence shall be my perfect rest.

Then shall my soul say forever:

"I have found Him

whom my soul loveth."

And never again

shall we be parted.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Beauty is perfectly revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the communion of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XV

Blessed is the soul that abideth in the love of Christ, for neither death nor life shall separate her from her Beloved.

I will abide in Thy Love,

O Jesus Christ,

for Thy Love is stronger than death,

deeper than the sea,

higher than the heavens,

and older than the foundations of the world.

Before I loved Thee,

Thou didst love me.

Before I sought Thee,

Thou didst seek me.

Before I knocked,

Thou didst stand at the door of my heart.

Before I remembered Thy Name,

Thou hadst already written mine

upon the palms of Thy wounded hands.

Therefore shall my soul abide in Thee,

as the branch abideth in the Vine,

drawing life from the Root

which can never wither.

Without Thee,

I become dry ground,

waiting for rain.

Without Thee,

I am a lamp without oil,

a harp without melody,

a house without light,

a garden without living water.

But with Thee,

every wilderness rejoiceth.

The desert blossometh as the rose.

The weary heart findeth rest.

The broken spirit is made whole.

The forgotten are remembered.

The exiled discover their everlasting Home.

Thou hast said,

"Abide in Me, and I in you."

These words are sweeter than honey,

and more precious than treasures hidden beneath the earth.

For what greater promise

could the Eternal Bridegroom bestow upon His Bride,

than to make His dwelling within her heart?

O wondrous mystery!

The Maker of the stars

desireth to dwell within the humble.

The Lord of angels

knocketh gently at the door of the poor in spirit.

The King of Glory

prepareth His throne

within the quiet sanctuary of love.

Grant unto me,

O Lord,

that nothing may drive Thee from Thy holy dwelling.

If pride arise,

cast it down.

If anger kindle,

quench it.

If fear whisper,

silence it.

If forgetfulness veil my sight,

awaken remembrance within me.

Cleanse continually the temple of my soul,

that Thou mayest delight to remain therein.

Teach me to abide,

not only in moments of consolation,

but also in seasons of dryness.

Not only in the brightness of morning,

but in the long watches of the night.

Not only when prayer overfloweth with sweetness,

but when faith alone sustaineth my steps.

For love that endureth

is more beautiful

than affection that quickly fadeth.

As the ancient oak

remaineth through many winters,

so let my love for Thee

remain steadfast through every trial.

The storms may bend the branches,

yet let not the roots be loosened.

The winds may howl,

yet let not my confidence depart.

The rains may fall,

yet let my foundation remain upon Thy Word.

For Thou alone art the Rock

that cannot be moved.

Teach me also

to abide in love toward my neighbour.

For how shall I say,

"I abide in Christ,"

if bitterness remaineth in my heart?

How shall I claim to love the Invisible,

while despising the brother whom I behold?

Let every act of kindness

be another branch growing from the Vine.

Let every word of forgiveness

be another blossom.

Let every hidden deed of mercy

be another fruit borne unto Thy glory.

Then shall others taste,

not my goodness,

but Thine.

For every good fruit

groweth only because Thy Life

floweth continually through the branches.

When weakness overtaketh me,

abide with me.

When loneliness surroundeth me,

abide with me.

When temptation assaileth me,

abide with me.

When old age boweth my body,

abide with me.

When the shadow of death draweth near,

abide with me.

And when my earthly eyes close for the final time,

let my soul awaken

still abiding in Thy Love.

Then shall no separation remain.

The Vine and its branches

shall rejoice forever.

The Bride and the Bridegroom

shall never again be parted.

The Holy City shall become our dwelling.

The River of Life our refreshment.

The Tree of Life our nourishment.

The Uncreated Sun our everlasting Day.

Love shall have conquered every fear.

Mercy shall have swallowed every sorrow.

Communion shall have overcome every exile.

Then shall I know,

even as I am known,

and shall abide forever

in the Love that hath neither beginning nor ending.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose eternal Love is perfectly revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the True Vine,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the communion of the Holy Spirit,

the everlasting Bond of Divine Charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XVI

Blessed is the soul that beareth the Cross with Christ, for she shall also share in the joy of His Resurrection.

The Cross standeth before me,

O Lord,

not as a sign of despair,

but as the Tree of Life planted in the midst of the wilderness.

Many behold it,

yet turn away.

Many fear it,

for they know only its burden.

But the faithful behold therein

the doorway unto everlasting joy.

For where the Cross is received in love,

there the Resurrection is already near.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst not flee from suffering,

nor hide Thy Face from reproach,

but didst embrace the Cross

for the salvation of Thy beloved.

Thou didst stretch forth Thy hands,

not in defeat,

but in the victory of perfect charity.

The nails could bind Thy flesh,

yet they could not bind Thy Love.

The spear could pierce Thy side,

yet it could not diminish Thy mercy.

Death received Thee,

yet Life Himself entered the grave,

and the tomb became the cradle of everlasting hope.

Therefore teach me,

O Lord,

to receive my little crosses

without murmuring.

The cross of patience.

The cross of hidden sorrow.

The cross of misunderstood words.

The cross of weariness.

The cross of sickness.

The cross of loneliness.

The cross of waiting.

The cross of forgiving,

when my heart desireth vengeance.

The cross of blessing,

when I am reviled.

The cross of serving,

when no man seeth.

These crosses are light,

when Thou bearest them with me.

Without Thee,

they become unbearable.

With Thee,

they become the narrow path

that leadeth unto Life.

Grant that I may never seek suffering

for its own sake.

For Thou delightest not

in the affliction of Thy children.

Yet when suffering cometh,

as it surely doth in this passing world,

let me not waste it

through bitterness or despair.

Rather,

let every trial

become another offering of trust.

Let every tear

water the garden of charity.

Let every wound

teach me compassion.

Let every disappointment

loosen my grasp

upon passing things.

Thus shall even sorrow

be transformed

by Thy redeeming Love.

Many seek a crown

without the Cross.

Many desire the Resurrection

without Good Friday.

Many long for glory,

yet flee from humility.

But Thou hast shown another Way.

The grain of wheat

must fall into the earth

before it bringeth forth abundant fruit.

The vine is pruned

before it yieldeth its richest harvest.

The gold is purified

within the furnace.

So also the soul

is made ready

through faithful endurance.

When Simon of Cyrene

helped Thee bear the Cross,

he knew not

that he carried

the hope of the world.

Teach me likewise

to bear one another's burdens.

Let me lighten

the load of the weary.

Let me strengthen

the hands that hang down.

Let me walk beside

those who mourn.

For in serving the suffering,

I minister unto Thee.

When I behold

the wounds of another,

let me remember

Thy wounded hands.

When I behold

another's tears,

let me remember

Thy tears over Jerusalem.

When I behold

another's loneliness,

let me remember

Gethsemane.

Thus shall compassion

become my daily cross,

and love

my continual sacrifice.

Yet the Cross

is not the end.

Beyond Calvary

lieth the Empty Tomb.

Beyond the night

ariseth the everlasting Morning.

Beyond every grave

standeth the Living Christ.

Therefore hope

shall never depart from me.

The Cross is but the gate.

Love is the path.

Resurrection is the promise.

The Bridegroom waiteth

beyond every sorrow.

The Holy City

standeth beyond every wilderness.

The Marriage Feast

followeth every faithful pilgrimage.

Then shall every cross

be laid down forever.

Every burden

shall become light.

Every scar

shall shine like a jewel

within the Kingdom.

Every hidden sacrifice

shall blossom

into everlasting joy.

And I shall behold

that no tear shed in faith,

no burden borne in love,

no cross carried beside Christ,

was ever forgotten

before the Throne of the Invisible Father.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love transformed

the Cross into the Tree of Life,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Crucified and Risen Bridegroom,

in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XVII

Blessed is the soul that keepeth watch for the coming of the Bridegroom, for her lamp shall shine in the everlasting Morning.

My soul keepeth watch,

O Lord,

more than they that watch for the morning.

For the dawn awaited by mortal eyes

lasteth but a little while,

but the Morning of Thy Kingdom

knoweth neither evening nor decline.

Therefore have I set my hope

upon Thy coming.

Not with terror,

but with longing.

Not with dread,

but with joyful expectation.

For Thou art not a stranger unto me,

but my Beloved.

Thou art not a harsh judge,

but the Shepherd who sought me

when I wandered among barren hills.

Thou art not a distant king,

but the Eternal Bridegroom

who hath prepared a place

for His beloved.

Therefore let my heart remain awake.

Let not the sleep of forgetfulness

close mine eyes.

Let not the cares of this passing age

extinguish the flame

which Thy Holy Spirit hath kindled.

Let not abundance make me careless,

nor adversity make me despair.

Rather,

in every season,

teach me to watch.

The wise virgins

kept oil within their lamps.

The foolish imagined

that the hour was far away.

Thus they slept,

not with the rest of the body,

but with the heart.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from such sleep.

Renew daily

the oil of holy remembrance.

Fill continually

the vessel of my soul

with the grace of Thy Presence.

That whether Thou comest

at the first watch,

or at midnight,

or before the dawn,

I may rise with joy,

bearing a lamp

whose flame hath not failed.

Teach me

that watchfulness

is not anxious fear,

but faithful love.

The mother watcheth

for the return of her child.

The shepherd watcheth

over his flock.

The faithful servant

watcheth for his master.

The bride watcheth

for the footsteps of her beloved.

Even so

doth my soul

await Thee,

O Christ.

Every sunrise

whispereth Thy promise.

Every evening

remembereth Thy faithfulness.

Every season

bringeth me nearer

unto the Marriage Feast.

Therefore

let no day

be lived carelessly.

Let no hour

pass without thanksgiving.

Let no neighbour

go unloved.

Let no offence

remain unforgiven.

Let no prayer

be neglected.

Let no act of mercy

be delayed.

For I know not

the hour

wherein Thou shalt call me.

If today

be my final day

beneath these changing heavens,

grant that it may be filled

with charity.

If many years

yet remain,

grant that each one

may become

another offering of love.

For the longest life

is but a little vigil

before the everlasting Day.

The world keepeth watch

for earthly kingdoms.

It awaiteth victories,

wealth,

and honour.

But my soul

looketh toward another Kingdom,

whose Builder and Maker

is God.

Its walls cannot crumble.

Its gates shall never close.

Its Light shall never fail.

Its King reigneth forever.

There shall every watch

be fulfilled.

There shall every longing

be answered.

There shall every faithful prayer

become praise.

There shall every lamp

be swallowed up

in the splendour

of the Uncreated Sun.

Then shall I hear

the voice

which my heart

hath sought

through every season

of this earthly pilgrimage:

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

And I shall answer,

not with fear,

but with rejoicing.

For my lamp

shall burn

with the Hidden Flame.

My garment

shall be washed

in His mercy.

My heart

shall remember

His promises.

My feet

shall hasten

unto the everlasting Banquet.

Then shall the doors

of the Bridal Chamber

be opened forever.

The Bride

shall enter

with songs of thanksgiving.

The Bridegroom

shall wipe away

every tear.

The watch of the night

shall be ended.

The Morning

shall never fade.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who hath promised

an everlasting Kingdom,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

whose coming is the joy

of every faithful soul,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XVIII

Blessed is the soul that thirsteth for the Living Waters, for she shall drink forever from the River that proceedeth from the Throne of God and of the Lamb.

As the dry earth

longeth for the gentle rain,

so doth my soul

long after Thee,

O Living God.

Many waters have I tasted,

yet my thirst remained.

The fountains of this world

promise refreshment,

yet they soon become dry.

The rivers of earthly delight

overflow for a season,

then vanish beneath the burning sun.

The cups of ambition

are filled with bitterness.

The wells of pride

yield only dust.

But Thy River,

O Christ,

floweth forever.

Its waters are clear as crystal.

Its source cannot fail.

Its song bringeth peace unto the weary.

Its current beareth the faithful

toward the Holy City.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Bridegroom,

for Thou hast opened

the Fountain of Life.

Freely Thou invitest

every thirsty soul.

The poor may drink.

The rich may drink.

The child may drink.

The aged may drink.

The stranger may drink.

The sinner who repenteth

may drink.

No price is demanded,

for Thy mercy

cannot be purchased.

Only an open heart

is required.

Teach me,

O Lord,

never to refuse

the waters Thou dost offer.

When pride persuadeth me

that I have no need,

make me remember

my thirst.

When the world

offereth poisoned streams,

turn my feet again

unto Thy River.

When I wander

through deserts of my own making,

call me back

unto the Fountain

which never faileth.

Thy Word

is living water.

Every promise

refreshes the weary.

Every commandment

cleanseth the heart.

Every parable

becometh another stream

flowing from Thy goodness.

When I meditate

upon Thy holy Gospel,

my soul drinketh deeply.

When I remember

Thy Cross,

my thirst is eased.

When I behold

Thy Resurrection,

hope springeth forth

like fresh water

from hidden rocks.

Grant that I may become

a little stream

unto others.

Let the comfort

Thou hast given me

overflow

unto the sorrowful.

Let the forgiveness

I have received

become forgiveness

toward my neighbour.

Let the peace

Thou hast planted within me

flow outward

unto every troubled heart.

For the River

is not withheld

by those who truly drink.

It overfloweth.

It seeketh the lowly places.

It refresheth the forgotten.

It gladdeneth the barren fields.

So also

let Thy grace

overflow through me,

that others

may bless Thy holy Name.

When the heat

of temptation

scorcheth my heart,

lead me beside

the still waters.

When grief

hardeneth the ground

of my soul,

let Thy River

soften it again.

When weariness

overtaketh me,

let me hear

the gentle sound

of Thy flowing mercy.

For Thy compassion

is never exhausted.

Every morning

its waters are renewed.

Every evening

they remain pure.

Every generation

drinketh freely,

and yet

the Fountain

is never diminished.

At the last,

when the pilgrimage

is ended,

and I enter

the Holy City,

I shall behold

with mine own eyes

the River

which faith

hath long desired.

Its waters

shall sparkle

beneath the everlasting radiance

of the Uncreated Sun.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches

along its banks.

The saints

shall rejoice together.

The angels

shall sing beside its course.

The Lamb Himself

shall lead His Bride

unto its crystal waters.

Then shall every thirst

be satisfied forever.

No drought

shall return.

No desert

shall remain.

Only the endless River

of Divine Love,

flowing eternally

from the Throne

of the Invisible Father

and of the Lamb.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of every good

and perfect gift,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Living Water,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the River of Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XIX

Blessed is the soul that dwelleth in thanksgiving, for every breath shall become a hymn before the Throne of the Lamb.

I will give thanks unto Thee,

O Lord,

not only in the days of abundance,

but also in the days of want.

Not only when my path is plain,

but also when the way is hidden.

Not only when joy filleth my house,

but also when tears are my companions.

For Thou art worthy of praise

in every season.

The morning declareth Thy faithfulness.

The noonday proclaimeth Thy strength.

The evening revealeth Thy peace.

The watches of the night

bear witness unto Thy hidden care.

Thus every hour

becometh a sanctuary,

and every breath

an offering of thanksgiving.

Who hath given me life,

save Thou alone?

Who hath preserved me

through dangers seen and unseen?

Who hath lifted me

when my strength failed?

Who hath forgiven me

more times than I can remember?

Who hath loved me

with an everlasting Love?

Surely it is the Lord,

whose mercy endureth forever.

Blessed be Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

who became poor,

that I might become rich in grace.

He fed the hungry.

He comforted the sorrowful.

He touched the leper.

He welcomed the outcast.

He forgave the guilty.

He conquered death.

What thanksgiving

shall be sufficient

for such mercy?

If every leaf

upon every tree

became a tongue,

it could not fully declare

His goodness.

If every drop

within the sea

became a hymn,

it would still fall short

of His glory.

Therefore I offer unto Thee

the little song

of my grateful heart.

Receive it,

not because it is worthy,

but because Thou delightest

in the love of Thy children.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to receive every gift

with humility.

The bread upon my table.

The water that refresheth me.

The friend

who speaketh kindly.

The labour

that strengtheneth my hands.

The quiet hour

wherein I may seek Thy Face.

The Scriptures

which guide my feet.

The Church

wherein Thy people gather.

The hope

that sustaineth me.

The Cross

that redeemeth me.

The Resurrection

that giveth me life.

Even the trials

which I do not understand,

I receive

into Thy wisdom.

For often

the bitter cup

hath become

the beginning

of hidden blessings.

The thorn

hath guarded me

from pride.

The wilderness

hath taught me

to thirst

for the River of Life.

The night

hath caused me

to love

the Morning more deeply.

Therefore

I will not complain,

but trust.

For Thy wisdom

is greater than mine.

Thy sight

reacheth farther.

Thy love

perceiveth

what mine eyes cannot.

Grant that thanksgiving

may become

the habit

of my soul.

When I awaken,

let thanksgiving

be my first thought.

When I labour,

let thanksgiving

strengthen my hands.

When I eat,

let thanksgiving

sanctify my meal.

When I speak,

let thanksgiving

soften my words.

When I rest,

let thanksgiving

guard my sleep.

When I suffer,

let thanksgiving

preserve my hope.

When I rejoice,

let thanksgiving

keep me humble.

Thus shall my whole life

become

one continual hymn

unto Thy glory.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

I shall lay aside

every earthly care.

No longer

shall I thank Thee

through faith alone,

but face to face.

Then shall I behold

the countless multitude

clothed in white,

bearing palms of victory,

lifting up

one everlasting song

before the Throne

of the Invisible Father

and of the Lamb.

With them

shall I join

my little voice,

which Thou hast graciously preserved,

and together

we shall proclaim forever:

**Blessing,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

and honour,

and power,

and might,

be unto our God

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.**

For thanksgiving

shall never cease,

because Thy Love

shall never end.

Amen.

Psalm XX

Blessed is the soul that remembereth her heavenly homeland,
for she shall not lose heart in the land of exile.

Hear my cry,

O Invisible Father,

for my soul remembereth

a Country

which mine eyes

have not yet seen.

A holy longing

abideth within me,

older than memory,

deeper than thought,

gentler than the evening breeze,

yet stronger than death itself.

It draweth me continually

toward Thee.

I have wandered

through many valleys.

I have crossed

many deserts.

I have sought

among the kingdoms of men

that place

wherein my heart

might finally rest.

Yet every city

hath revealed itself

to be but a little inn

along the road.

Every dwelling

hath become

a tent for a night.

Every earthly joy

hath whispered,

"I am not thy Home."

Therefore

my soul

lifteth her eyes

toward the everlasting Jerusalem.

For there

my true citizenship

is written.

There

my inheritance

cannot perish.

There

my Beloved

awaiteth me.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

who didst leave

the glory of Heaven

to seek

Thy wandering Bride.

Thou knowest

the loneliness

of the pilgrim.

Thou knowest

the weariness

of long roads.

Thou knowest

the tears

shed in secret.

Therefore

Thou art

a compassionate Guide

unto every traveller.

Many seek

to make

their permanent dwelling

within this passing age.

They build

as though

time could not touch

their works.

They gather treasures

as though

death

would never come.

They cling

unto shadows,

forgetting

the everlasting Morning.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from such forgetfulness.

Teach me

to use

the things

of this world

with gratitude,

yet without bondage.

Let my hands

hold them lightly,

for they belong

unto Thee.

Let my heart

cling only

unto Thy Kingdom,

which cannot

be shaken.

When I behold

the beauty

of forests,

mountains,

and rivers,

let me rejoice.

Yet let every beauty

become

a signpost,

pointing beyond itself

unto the greater Beauty

that awaiteth

within Thy Presence.

When I rejoice

in friendship,

let me remember

the Communion

of all Saints.

When I delight

in bread and wine,

let me remember

the Marriage Feast.

When I behold

the rising sun,

let me remember

the everlasting radiance

of Christ,

the Uncreated Sun,

whose Light

knoweth no evening.

Teach me,

O Holy Spirit,

to carry

my homeland

within my heart.

Not as one

who fleeth

from the world,

but as one

who loveth

the world

with the hope

of its redemption.

For every act

of mercy,

every word

of truth,

every deed

of charity,

becometh

a little stone

prepared

for the Holy City.

Every prayer

riseth

like incense

toward the everlasting Temple.

Every soul

won by love

becometh

another citizen

of Thy Kingdom.

Thus even now

the New Jerusalem

beginneth

to shine

within faithful hearts.

When homesickness

overtaketh me,

comfort me,

O Christ.

When the road

seemeth long,

strengthen me.

When companions

depart,

remain Thou beside me.

When death

draweth near,

let me remember

that I go not

into darkness,

but Home.

Home,

where no farewell

is spoken.

Home,

where no grave

is dug.

Home,

where no child

weepeth.

Home,

where no elder

groweth weary.

Home,

where every wound

is healed.

Home,

where the Tree of Life

spreadeth

its healing branches.

Home,

where the River of Life

floweth forever.

Home,

where the Bride

dwelleth eternally

with her Beloved.

Then shall exile

be remembered

no more.

The dusty sandals

shall be laid aside.

The pilgrim's staff

shall be needed

no longer.

The long road

shall end

at the gates

of everlasting Peace.

There

the Invisible Father

shall receive

His children.

The Lamb

shall welcome

His Bride.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

every heart

with unending joy.

And I shall sing

with all

the redeemed,

not as a stranger,

but as one

who hath finally

come Home.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose House

hath many mansions,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

who prepareth

a place

for His beloved,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXI

Blessed is the soul that walketh in the light of charity, for she already tasteth the joy of the Kingdom to come.

Though I should possess

the wisdom of many teachers,

and understand

the hidden workings

of heaven and earth,

yet if charity

be absent from my heart,

I am become

as sounding brass,

or a cymbal

that hath lost

the sweetness of its song.

For knowledge

without love

lifteth itself up,

but charity

boweth low

to lift another.

Wisdom

without mercy

groweth cold.

Power

without compassion

becometh oppression.

Justice

without gentleness

becometh severity.

But charity

uniteth

all virtues

in perfect harmony.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

my Eternal Bridegroom,

for Thou hast revealed

that the greatest commandment

is love.

Thou didst not merely

teach it,

but become it.

Upon the Cross,

Love stretched forth

its wounded hands.

At the Empty Tomb,

Love conquered death.

Within the Holy City,

Love reigneth forever.

Teach me,

therefore,

to love

without calculation.

To give

without seeking reward.

To forgive

without remembering the offence.

To serve

without desiring praise.

To rejoice

when another prospereth.

To weep

with those who mourn.

To bear patiently

the weaknesses

of my brethren,

even as Thou

hast borne mine.

Let my charity

be quiet,

like the rain

that nourisheth

the earth

without proclaiming

its own goodness.

Let it be steadfast,

like the sun,

which shineth

upon the righteous

and the unrighteous alike.

Let it be gentle,

like the shepherd,

who carrieth

the wounded lamb

upon his shoulders.

Many seek

great works,

yet neglect

little kindnesses.

Many desire

to change kingdoms,

yet refuse

to comfort

their neighbour.

Teach me,

O Lord,

that one cup

of cold water

given in love

is remembered

before Thy Throne.

One hidden prayer.

One gentle word.

One patient silence.

One act

of secret mercy.

These are treasures

which moth

cannot consume,

nor thieves

break through

to steal.

If I behold

a hungry soul,

let me become

bread.

If I behold

a thirsty soul,

let me become

water.

If I behold

a fearful soul,

let me become

peace.

If I behold

a lonely soul,

let me become

companionship.

If I behold

one who hath fallen,

let me become

the hand

that lifteth him up.

Thus shall Thy Love

flow through me,

as the River of Life

floweth

from the Throne

of God

and of the Lamb.

Keep me,

O Holy Spirit,

from loving

only those

who love me.

For even

the nations

do likewise.

Grant me

the courage

to bless

those

who curse me.

To pray

for those

who oppose me.

To answer

anger

with gentleness,

hatred

with mercy,

and injury

with forgiveness.

For thus

did my Beloved

love me,

while I yet

wandered afar.

When my charity

groweth weary,

renew it.

When my patience

groweth thin,

strengthen it.

When my heart

beginneth

to close,

open it again

by Thy Grace.

Let not

the wounds

I have received

become

wounds

I inflict

upon others.

Rather,

transform them

into fountains

of compassion,

that I may comfort

others

with the comfort

wherewith

Thou hast comforted me.

Then shall

the Kingdom

already begin

within me.

Not through

earthly splendour,

but through

the quiet reign

of Divine Love.

The Holy City

shall cast

its light

into my heart.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

within my soul.

The River of Life

shall overflow

through every

act of mercy.

The Bridegroom

shall rejoice

over His Bride,

and the Bride

shall rejoice

in His everlasting Love.

Then shall

faith

be perfected,

hope

fulfilled,

and charity

alone

remain forever.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

is without beginning,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who hath loved us

unto the end,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the everlasting Bond

of Divine Charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XXII

Blessed is the soul that seeketh Holy Wisdom with humility, for she shall behold the mysteries of God according unto His mercy.

Unto Thee

will I lift up

my understanding,

O Lord,

for all true wisdom

descendeth

from the Father of Lights,

with whom

is no variableness,

neither shadow

of turning.

The wisdom

of this passing age

ariseth

like the morning mist,

and before evening

it is scattered.

The counsels

of mighty men

are forgotten.

The arguments

of the learned

grow silent.

The books

of many generations

become dust.

Yet Thy Wisdom,

O Christ,

endureth forever.

Before the first star

was kindled,

Thou wast Wisdom.

Before the foundations

of the earth

were laid,

Thou wast the Eternal Logos.

Through Thee

all things

received their being.

In Thee

all things

hold together.

By Thee

every faithful soul

is led

unto the Father.

Therefore

will I seek

not merely

knowledge,

but Wisdom.

Not merely

answers,

but Truth.

Not merely

understanding,

but communion

with Thee.

For what profit

is there

if a man

know many mysteries,

yet know not

the Heart

of Christ?

Knowledge

may increase,

yet charity

must govern it.

Learning

may flourish,

yet humility

must preserve it.

Understanding

may deepen,

yet worship

must complete it.

Teach me,

O Lord,

that every truth

is a gift.

That every discovery

is another invitation

to glorify

the Invisible Father.

That every mystery

revealeth

not my greatness,

but Thine.

When I read

the Holy Scriptures,

open mine eyes,

that I may behold

the beauty

of Thy Word.

When I meditate

upon Thy works,

grant me wonder

rather than pride.

When I behold

the heavens,

let me remember

their Creator.

When I behold

the order

of creation,

let me worship

the Wisdom

by whom

all things

were made.

Deliver me

from curiosity

that seeketh

only novelty.

Deliver me

from disputation

that seeketh

only victory.

Deliver me

from learning

that seeketh

only applause.

Grant unto me

instead

the quiet wisdom

which kneeleth

before mystery,

which rejoiceth

in truth,

and which serveth

every neighbour

with gentleness.

Many seek

hidden things,

yet overlook

the plain commandment

to love.

Many desire

secret revelations,

yet neglect

the poor,

the widow,

the orphan,

and the stranger.

Many search

the heights

of heaven,

yet fail

to humble themselves

before the Cross.

Let not

my heart

wander

after empty curiosities,

but establish it

upon the everlasting Gospel

of Jesus Christ.

For Thy Cross

is deeper

than all philosophies.

Thy Resurrection

is greater

than every secret.

Thy Love

surpasseth

all understanding.

This is

the Wisdom

that saveth.

This is

the Treasure

that cannot perish.

This is

the Pearl

for which

every earthly possession

may gladly

be forsaken.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

all questions

shall be gathered

into one Answer.

All scattered rays

shall be united

in one Light.

Every shadow

shall disappear

before the Face

of Christ.

Then shall

I know,

not because

my understanding

became perfect,

but because

Perfect Wisdom

received me

into everlasting communion.

Then shall

every mystery

become praise.

Every question

become wonder.

Every thought

become worship.

And every faithful soul

shall behold

the Eternal Logos,

through whom

the Invisible Father

is perfectly revealed,

whose Wisdom

shall enlighten

the Holy City

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of all Wisdom,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the everlasting Wisdom

of God,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who leadeth

the faithful

into all truth,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXIII

Blessed is the soul that followeth the Good Shepherd, for she shall never wander from the paths of everlasting Life.

The Lord Jesus Christ

is my Shepherd;

I shall not want.

He feedeth me

with the Bread of Heaven.

He refresheth me

with the Living Waters.

He restoreth

my weary soul.

He leadeth me

in the paths

of righteousness,

for the glory

of the Invisible Father.

When I wandered

among barren hills,

He sought me.

When I fell

into the valley,

He lifted me

upon His shoulders.

When I trembled

through the night,

His Voice

became my comfort.

When fear

surrounded me,

His staff

became my peace.

Therefore

shall I not fear.

Though I walk

through the valley

of the shadow of death,

I know

that I walk not alone.

For my Shepherd

goeth before me.

His footsteps

sanctify the path.

His Presence

scattereth the darkness.

His Love

casteth out fear.

Many shepherds

call unto the nations.

Some promise

riches.

Some promise

power.

Some promise

glory.

Some promise

secret knowledge.

Yet they know not

the sheep,

nor do they

lay down

their lives

for the flock.

But my Shepherd

knoweth

every lamb

by name.

Before I called,

He knew me.

Before I wept,

He understood.

Before I repented,

His mercy

was already

seeking me.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Good Shepherd

of every faithful soul.

Thou hast sought

the one

that wandered,

leaving the ninety and nine

within the fold.

Such is

the greatness

of Thy compassion.

Teach me,

therefore,

to hear

Thy Voice

above

every other voice.

The world

crieth loudly.

Fear

crieth loudly.

Pride

crieth loudly.

Anger

crieth loudly.

Yet Thy Voice

cometh

as the gentle breeze

after the storm,

bringing peace

unto the heart

that listeneth.

Grant me

ears

to hear.

Eyes

to behold

the path

Thou hast chosen.

Feet

to follow

wherever

Thou shalt lead.

Hands

ready

to serve.

A heart

ready

to trust.

If the road

leadeth

through green pastures,

I shall bless Thee.

If the road

leadeth

through rocky wilderness,

I shall still

bless Thee.

For the Shepherd

knoweth

the way,

even when

the sheep

understandeth not.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from straying

after strange voices.

If vanity

calleth,

draw me back.

If despair

tempt me

to abandon hope,

carry me

once again

upon Thy shoulders.

If weariness

slow my steps,

strengthen me

with Thy Spirit.

For without Thee

I quickly

lose the path.

Teach me also

to care

for the little flock

which Thou

placest

before me.

If any

be weak,

let me strengthen.

If any

be fearful,

let me comfort.

If any

wander,

let me seek

them gently.

If any

fall,

let me lift them

without judgment.

For thus

did my Shepherd

deal with me.

One day,

the journey

shall be finished.

The Shepherd

shall gather

every faithful sheep

into one Fold.

No wolf

shall enter there.

No thief

shall approach.

No darkness

shall descend.

The pasture

shall never wither.

The River

shall never fail.

The Tree of Life

shall forever

cast its healing shade.

The Lamb,

who is also

the Shepherd,

shall lead

His redeemed

unto everlasting joy.

Then shall

the whole flock

lift up

one hymn

before the Throne,

glorifying

the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Good Shepherd,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who laid down

His Life

for His sheep,

and liveth forever

in the communion

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXIV

Blessed is the soul that rejoiceth in the Resurrection of Christ, for death hath no lasting dominion over her.

Lift up thy heart,

O my soul,

and cease from mourning,

for the stone

hath been rolled away.

The tomb

is empty.

The grave

is conquered.

The Light

hath entered

the deepest darkness,

and the darkness

could not overcome it.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Firstborn from the dead,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Resurrection

hath become

the dawn

of the new creation.

Thou didst descend

into the silence

of the grave,

yet corruption

could not hold Thee.

Death

opened its gates

to receive Thee,

yet Life Himself

entered therein,

and the prison

became a doorway

unto everlasting freedom.

Therefore

the faithful

need not fear

the final sleep.

For where

the Shepherd

hath gone,

there shall

the flock

also follow.

Where

the Bridegroom

hath entered,

there shall

the Bride

also rejoice.

The world

beholdeth

the grave

and despair.

But faith

beholdeth

the Empty Tomb

and rejoiceth.

The world

counteth death

the ending.

Christ

hath revealed

it to be

the threshold

of everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to live

each day

in the hope

of Thy Resurrection.

When disappointment

visiteth,

let hope arise.

When sorrow

overshadoweth me,

let joy

remain hidden

within my heart.

When all things

appear lost,

let me remember

that Thou

didst bring Life

from the grave itself.

For no darkness

is beyond

Thy Light.

No wound

is beyond

Thy healing.

No exile

is beyond

Thy call.

No death

is beyond

Thy Resurrection.

Every springtime

proclaimeth

Thy victory.

Every dawn

declareth

Thy triumph.

Every flower

that openeth

after winter

beareth witness

unto Thy promise.

Every seed

that falleth

into the earth

and riseth again

preacheth

the Gospel

without words.

Thus all creation

waiteth

for the fullness

of redemption,

when corruption

shall put on

incorruption,

and mortality

shall be clothed

with immortality.

Grant unto me

the courage

to die daily

unto pride,

that I may live

unto charity.

Let selfishness

be buried.

Let forgiveness

arise.

Let bitterness

be laid

within the tomb.

Let peace

rise again.

Let fear

be crucified.

Let hope

stand upright

with the Risen Lord.

Thus

even before

my earthly death,

may Thy Resurrection

already

be working

within me.

Fashion me

into a new creation,

renewed

by Thy Spirit,

bearing

the fruits

of the Kingdom

that cannot perish.

And when

my own body

returneth

unto the dust,

let not

my heart

be troubled.

For Thou

hast sanctified

the grave.

Thou hast

filled it

with hope.

The earth

shall keep

its sacred trust

only for a season,

until the trumpet

of eternity

shall sound,

and the faithful

shall arise,

clothed

with immortal glory.

Then shall

every cemetery

become

a garden

of resurrection.

Every tear

shall become

a jewel

of rejoicing.

Every farewell

shall become

an everlasting embrace.

The Bride

shall behold

her risen Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall be filled

with songs

that shall never cease.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every redeemed soul.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

And death itself

shall be remembered

no more.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who raised

His Beloved Son

in everlasting glory,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Risen Bridegroom,

the Firstfruits

of the Resurrection,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Giver of Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXV

Blessed is the soul that seeketh first the Kingdom of God, for all things needful shall be added unto her according to His mercy.

Seek first,

O my soul,

the Kingdom

that cannot perish.

Seek not first

the treasures

that moth

and rust

consume.

Seek not first

the praise

that passeth away

like the morning mist.

Seek not first

the kingdoms

of this passing age,

whose glory

endureth

but for a little season.

Rather,

seek Him

who remaineth forever.

For where

Jesus Christ

abideth,

there is

the Kingdom.

Where charity

is perfected,

there is

the Kingdom.

Where mercy

overcometh judgment,

there is

the Kingdom.

Where truth

is spoken

in humility,

there is

the Kingdom.

Where peace

embraceth

the weary,

there is

the Kingdom

already

breaking forth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Bridegroom,

for Thou hast shown

that the Kingdom

cometh not

with earthly display,

nor with the boasting

of princes,

nor with the power

of armies,

but quietly,

as seed

hidden

within the earth.

It groweth

while men sleep.

It spreadeth

like leaven

through the whole loaf.

It beginneth

within the heart,

and overfloweth

into every work

of mercy.

Teach me,

therefore,

to seek

not greatness,

but faithfulness.

Not dominion,

but service.

Not wealth,

but generosity.

Not honour,

but humility.

Not the applause

of men,

but the approval

of my Beloved.

For what treasure

can compare

with one moment

in Thy Presence?

What kingdom

can rival

the Holy City?

What crown

can equal

the joy

of beholding

the Face

of Christ?

Many labour

all their days

to gather

that which

they cannot keep.

They fill

their barns,

yet empty

their hearts.

They enlarge

their houses,

yet neglect

the sanctuary

within.

They increase

their possessions,

yet diminish

their peace.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from such folly.

Grant me

daily bread,

and a thankful heart.

Grant me

honest labour,

and contentment.

Grant me

companions

who encourage

virtue.

Grant me

time

for prayer,

for Scripture,

for silence,

and for works

of charity.

These are riches

which cannot perish.

If abundance

be entrusted

unto me,

let me become

a faithful steward.

If little

be entrusted,

let me remain

equally faithful.

For the greatness

of the gift

mattereth not,

but the faithfulness

of the servant.

Teach me

to store up

treasures

within Heaven.

Every act

of forgiveness.

Every hidden prayer.

Every quiet sacrifice.

Every cup

of cold water.

Every word

spoken

to strengthen

the discouraged.

Every burden

shared

with another.

These become

gold

within Thy Kingdom.

When anxiety

seeketh

to master me,

remind me

of the lilies

of the field,

which neither toil

nor spin,

yet are clothed

with beauty.

Remind me

of the birds

of the air,

which neither sow

nor reap,

yet are sustained

by Thy providence.

If Thou carest

for them,

how much more

wilt Thou remember

those

who seek

Thy Kingdom?

Therefore

I shall not fear

the morrow.

For the morrow

resteth already

within Thy hands.

One day

is sufficient

for its own labour.

One grace

is sufficient

for each burden.

One faithful step

bringeth me nearer

unto the Holy City.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

all earthly kingdoms

shall have passed away.

Their banners

shall fall.

Their treasures

shall be forgotten.

Their glory

shall fade.

But Thy Kingdom,

O Christ,

shall stand forever.

Its gates

shall never close.

Its peace

shall never fail.

Its joy

shall never diminish.

Its citizens

shall dwell

with the Invisible Father,

beneath

the everlasting radiance

of the Uncreated Sun,

where the Bride

rejoiceth eternally

with her Holy Bridegroom.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Kingdom

is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the King of Peace,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXVI

Blessed is the soul that walketh in the fear of the Lord, for holy reverence is the beginning of everlasting wisdom.

Teach me,

O Lord,

the holy fear

which casteth down

the pride of man,

yet filleth

the humble heart

with peace.

Not the fear

of the slave,

who trembleth

before punishment,

nor the fear

of one

who knoweth not

the goodness

of his Master.

But the holy reverence

of the beloved child,

who desireth

above all things

not to wound

the Heart

of the Father

who hath loved him

from everlasting.

For Thou,

O Invisible Father,

art clothed

with Majesty

beyond all thought.

The heavens

cannot contain Thee.

The choirs

of angels

veil their faces

before Thy glory.

The stars

shine

only because

Thou hast spoken.

The seas

keep their bounds

because Thy Word

commandeth them.

The mountains

stand

because Thy Wisdom

sustaineth them.

Who then

am I,

that Thou

shouldest remember me?

Dust

Thou hast fashioned

into life.

Clay

Thou hast filled

with Thy breath.

Weakness

Thou hast crowned

with mercy.

Yet Thou

callest me

Thy beloved,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom.

Therefore

my heart

boweth low

before Thee,

not in terror,

but in adoration.

For perfect Love

hath cast out

the fear

of condemnation,

yet holy reverence

remaineth forever.

As the saints

cast down

their crowns

before the Throne,

so let me

cast down

my pride.

As the angels

cease not

to cry,

"Holy,

Holy,

Holy,"

so let every breath

within me

become

an act

of worship.

Guard me,

O Lord,

from careless speech

concerning

holy things.

Guard me

from making

light

of Thy commandments.

Guard me

from presumption,

which forgetteth

that every grace

is received,

and not earned.

Teach me

to enter

the sanctuary

of prayer

with awe,

yet also

with confidence,

for my confidence

resteth not

in mine own righteousness,

but in the mercy

of Christ.

When I read

the Holy Scriptures,

let me receive them

with reverence.

When I behold

the beauty

of creation,

let me glorify

its Creator.

When I serve

my neighbour,

let me remember

that every soul

is called

unto Thy Kingdom.

When I labour,

let me labour

as before

Thine eyes.

When I speak,

let my words

be seasoned

with grace.

When I am silent,

let my silence

be filled

with worship.

The fear

of the Lord

is clean,

enduring forever.

It preserveth

the heart

from pride.

It restraineth

the tongue

from cruelty.

It directeth

the feet

toward righteousness.

It keepeth

the soul

watchful

for the coming

of the Bridegroom.

Many fear

the loss

of riches.

Many fear

the judgment

of men.

Many fear

old age,

sickness,

or death.

But these fears

pass away

like shadows

before the rising

of the Uncreated Sun.

Grant unto me

rather

the holy fear

that never passeth—

the reverent love

which delighteth

to obey,

the humble wonder

which never ceaseth

to adore,

the faithful heart

which desireth

only

to remain

near unto Thee.

Then,

when my pilgrimage

is fulfilled,

I shall enter

the Holy City

with joy

and reverence.

I shall kneel

before the Throne

of the Invisible Father.

I shall behold

the Face

of Jesus Christ,

my Eternal Bridegroom.

I shall rejoice

with all

the holy angels,

the prophets,

the apostles,

the martyrs,

and the whole redeemed Bride,

crying forever:

**Holy,

Holy,

Holy,

Lord God Almighty,

who was,

and is,

and is to come.**

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose holiness

is beyond all measure,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

and in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XXVII

Blessed is the soul that dwelleth in peace, for she beareth within herself a foretaste of the everlasting Kingdom.

Peace be unto thee,

O my soul,

for the Lord

is near.

Though the winds

be restless,

His Presence

remaineth unmoved.

Though the seas

lift up their voice,

His Word

calleth them

unto stillness.

Though kingdoms

contend,

and the nations

rage,

the Throne

of the Invisible Father

standeth forever.

Therefore

why should

my heart

be troubled?

The world

seeketh peace

through power,

yet discovereth

only fear.

It seeketh peace

through abundance,

yet remaineth

unsatisfied.

It seeketh peace

through victory

over others,

yet becometh

the servant

of endless conflict.

But my Beloved

speaketh

another word.

He saith,

**"Peace I leave with you,

My peace I give unto you:

not as the world giveth,

give I unto you."**

This peace

cannot be purchased.

It cannot

be conquered.

It cannot

be stolen.

For it descendeth

from above,

as gentle rain

upon the thirsty earth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Prince of Peace,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst still

the storm

with a single word.

Speak likewise

unto the tempest

within me.

Say once more,

"Peace,

be still."

And let

every anxious thought

become silent

before Thy Presence.

When fear

seeketh entrance,

let Thy Peace

stand as a gate.

When anger

burneth within me,

let Thy Peace

become

living water.

When grief

overshadoweth

my heart,

let Thy Peace

become

a quiet lamp

that faileth not.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to become

a maker

of peace.

Not merely

to avoid

strife,

but to heal it.

Not merely

to endure

my neighbour,

but to love him.

Not merely

to remain silent,

but to speak

words

that reconcile.

Grant

that wherever

I walk,

peace

may accompany

my footsteps.

May the troubled

find comfort.

May the lonely

find companionship.

May the fearful

find courage.

May the angry

discover gentleness.

May the weary

find rest.

Not because

I possess

these gifts,

but because

Thy Spirit

worketh

through vessels

of clay.

Keep me,

O Holy Spirit,

from sowing

discord

through careless words.

Deliver me

from haste,

which woundeth.

Deliver me

from suspicion,

which divideth.

Deliver me

from pride,

which exalteth itself.

Plant instead

the quiet tree

of peace

within my heart.

Water it

with the River

of Thy Grace.

Warm it

beneath

the everlasting radiance

of Christ,

the Uncreated Sun.

Then shall

its branches

give shelter

unto many.

Its fruit

shall nourish

the hungry.

Its leaves

shall become

healing

for those

whose hearts

have been broken.

I know,

O Lord,

that perfect peace

shall not be found

in this passing age.

Wars

shall arise.

Sorrows

shall visit.

Tears

shall still

be shed.

Yet even now,

within the faithful heart,

Thy Kingdom

beginneth.

Even now,

Thy Peace

is stronger

than despair.

Even now,

the Holy City

casteth

its gentle light

upon Thy pilgrims.

At the end

of all things,

the trumpet

shall sound,

the nations

shall cease

their striving,

the swords

shall be laid down,

and every faithful soul

shall enter

the City

whose Builder

and Maker

is God.

There

no cry

of violence

shall ever

be heard.

No fear

shall trouble

the heart.

No enemy

shall arise.

The Lamb Himself

shall be

our everlasting Peace.

Then shall

the Bride

rest forever

within the embrace

of her Beloved.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Peace

passeth

all understanding,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Prince of Peace,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Comforter

of every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXVIII

Blessed is the soul that delighteth in the Holy Scriptures, for therein she continually heareth the voice of her Eternal Bridegroom.

Open Thou

mine eyes,

O Lord,

that I may behold

the wondrous things

contained

within Thy holy Word.

For the Scriptures

are unto my soul

as bread

unto the hungry,

as living water

unto the thirsty,

as a lamp

unto the traveller,

and as a faithful companion

unto the lonely.

Many books

have been written

by the wisdom

of men.

They instruct

for a season,

yet afterward

they pass away.

Many voices

have arisen

within the generations,

speaking great things,

yet their words

fade

like smoke

before the wind.

But Thy Word,

O Christ,

abideth forever.

It comforteth

the sorrowful.

It strengtheneth

the weary.

It humbleth

the proud.

It encourageth

the fearful.

It rebuketh

without cruelty.

It healeth

without shame.

It revealeth

the path

that leadeth

unto Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Logos,

for Thou Thyself

art the Living Word,

through whom

the Invisible Father

hath spoken

unto His children.

The prophets

longed

for Thy appearing.

The apostles

walked beside Thee.

The evangelists

bore witness

unto Thy Life.

The Church

remembereth

Thy mighty works.

Generation

after generation,

the Gospel

remaineth

ever new,

for Thy Truth

groweth not old.

Teach me,

therefore,

to approach

the Scriptures

not as one

seeking arguments,

but as one

seeking

the Face

of the Beloved.

Let every page

become

another step

toward

the Holy City.

Let every promise

strengthen

my hope.

Let every commandment

purify

my heart.

Let every parable

awaken

holy wisdom.

Let every psalm

become

my own prayer.

Let every Gospel

draw me

nearer

unto Christ.

When I understand little,

grant me patience.

When mysteries remain,

grant me humility.

When I am corrected,

grant me repentance.

When I am comforted,

grant me thanksgiving.

For Thy Word

is not given

that I may

boast of knowledge,

but that I may

be transformed

by Love.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from reading

only

to satisfy

curiosity.

Let me rather

read

to become

more charitable.

More gentle.

More faithful.

More humble.

More like

my Eternal Bridegroom.

For the truest

understanding

of Scripture

is seen,

not only

upon the lips,

but within

a life

fashioned

after Christ.

Grant

that Thy Word

may dwell

richly

within me.

When temptation

ariseth,

let Thy promises

strengthen me.

When sorrow

visiteth,

let Thy Gospel

comfort me.

When pride

draweth near,

let Thy commandments

humble me.

When fear

surroundeth me,

let Thy Truth

become

my refuge.

May Thy Word

be hidden

within my heart,

that I may

not wander

far from Thee.

As seed

falling

upon good ground,

let it bear

abundant fruit—

the fruit

of patience,

mercy,

peace,

forgiveness,

hope,

and charity.

Then shall

others

reading

the little book

of my life,

perceive,

however faintly,

the beauty

of the Eternal Word

who dwelleth

within me.

And when

every earthly page

hath been closed,

every sermon

ended,

every lesson

completed,

I shall behold,

not merely

the written testimony,

but the Living Word

Himself.

Face to face

shall I stand

before Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

whose Voice

I have long sought

within

the Holy Scriptures.

Then shall

every prophecy

be fulfilled.

Every promise

become possession.

Every shadow

give place

unto everlasting Light.

And the Word

shall remain

my everlasting Joy,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who hath spoken

through His Eternal Logos,

through Jesus Christ,

the Living Word,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who continually

leadeth

the faithful

into all truth,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XXIX

Blessed is the soul that persevereeth unto the end, for she shall receive the unfading crown prepared by the Eternal Bridegroom.

Strengthen me,

O Lord,

that I faint not

before my pilgrimage

is accomplished.

For the road

is long,

and my strength

is little.

The days

are many,

yet my years

pass swiftly,

as the shadow

that declineth

toward the evening.

But Thou,

O Christ,

remainest

the same,

yesterday,

today,

and forever.

Thou growest

not weary.

Thou slumberest

not.

Thy Mercy

is renewed

every morning.

Thy Faithfulness

reacheth

unto the clouds.

Therefore

my confidence

resteth not

within myself,

but within

Thy everlasting Love.

Many begin

the race

with joy,

yet become

weary

before its ending.

Many kindle

their lamps,

yet neglect

to replenish

the holy oil.

Many rejoice

during the morning,

yet lose heart

before the night

is finished.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from such forgetfulness.

Grant that

each day

I may begin again,

however often

I have stumbled.

For Thy mercy

is greater

than my weakness.

Thy patience

exceedeth

my failures.

Thy compassion

outlasteth

my discouragement.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Bridegroom,

who never

ceasest

calling

Thy beloved

unto Thyself.

Though I walk

slowly,

wait for me.

Though I stumble,

raise me.

Though I lose

the path,

seek me.

Though my faith

grow dim,

breathe once more

upon the little flame.

For I desire

not merely

to begin well,

but to finish

faithfully.

Teach me

to persevere

in prayer,

when words

grow few.

To persevere

in charity,

when gratitude

is absent.

To persevere

in hope,

when the night

seemeth long.

To persevere

in truth,

when falsehood

is praised.

To persevere

in gentleness,

when anger

surroundeth me.

To persevere

in humility,

when pride

offereth

an easier road.

The runner

receiveth not

the crown

at the beginning,

but at the end.

The harvest

is gathered

after patient labour.

The fruit

ripeneth

through many seasons.

Even so,

the faithful soul

is perfected

through steadfastness.

Every hidden prayer

strengtheneth

the roots.

Every quiet act

of mercy

beareth fruit.

Every trial

patiently endured

becometh

another jewel

within

the everlasting Crown.

When I become

discouraged,

let me remember

the saints

who have gone

before me.

The prophets

who endured.

The apostles

who remained faithful.

The martyrs

who overcame

through love.

The hidden servants

whose names

the world

forgot,

yet whose lives

shine brightly

before Thy Throne.

Grant

that I may

walk

the same path,

content

to be remembered

by Thee alone.

For if Thou

remember me,

I need

no greater honour.

At the ending

of my pilgrimage,

let me not

look back

with regret,

but forward

with joyful expectation.

The gates

of the Holy City

shall stand open.

The River of Life

shall glisten

before mine eyes.

The Tree

whose leaves

heal the nations

shall spread

its branches

over all

the redeemed.

The Holy Bridegroom

shall stretch forth

His wounded hands

unto His beloved.

Then shall

the race

be finished.

The Cross

be laid aside.

The tears

be wiped away.

The lamp

give place

unto the everlasting Morning.

The faithful

shall receive,

not a crown

that fadeth,

but the Crown

of Life,

which no thief

can steal,

no moth

consume,

and no age

diminish.

Then shall

I cast

that crown

before the feet

of my Beloved,

confessing

that every victory

was His Grace,

every step

His guidance,

every breath

His gift.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who strengtheneth

the weary,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Faithful Bridegroom,

who perfecteth

every faithful pilgrimage,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who sustaineth

the saints

unto the end,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXX

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth all things in Christ, for she shall rejoice in the harmony of the New Creation.

Mine eyes,

O Lord,

have wandered

through the beauty

of Thy creation,

yet every beauty

hath whispered

only one Name.

The heavens

declare

the glory

of the Invisible Father.

The earth

proclaimeth

His goodness.

The stars

bear witness

unto His wisdom.

The seas

magnify

His majesty.

The forests

sing softly

of His patience.

The mountains

testify

to His steadfastness.

Yet all these

are but little reflections

of Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

through whom

all things

were made.

For without Thee,

O Christ,

nothing came into being

that hath been made.

Every flower

borroweth

its beauty

from Thy Beauty.

Every melody

borroweth

its harmony

from Thy Harmony.

Every act

of kindness

borroweth

its goodness

from Thy Charity.

Every ray

of created light

borroweth

its splendour

from Thee,

O Uncreated Sun.

Teach me,

therefore,

to behold

all things

through Thee.

Not to worship

the works

of Thy hands,

but to adore

the Hand

that fashioned them.

Not to cling

unto passing gifts,

but to love

the Giver

who remaineth forever.

When I behold

the morning,

let me remember

Thy Resurrection.

When I behold

the evening,

let me remember

Thy Peace.

When I behold

the harvest,

let me remember

the abundance

of Thy Kingdom.

When I behold

the little child,

let me remember

the simplicity

of faith.

When I behold

the aged,

let me remember

the patience

of perseverance.

When I behold

the poor,

let me remember

Thy humility.

When I behold

the stranger,

let me remember

that I too

am a pilgrim

journeying

toward my true Home.

Grant me

pure eyes,

that I may perceive

the traces

of Thy goodness

wherever

Thou hast planted them.

Let not cynicism

darken

my vision.

Let not pride

blind

my understanding.

Let not fear

prevent me

from rejoicing

in Thy gifts.

For every good

and perfect gift

cometh down

from the Father of Lights.

The world

is filled

with division.

Yet in Thee,

all things

find

their proper harmony.

Truth

embraceth

Mercy.

Justice

kisseth

Peace.

Wisdom

walketh

with Humility.

Strength

serveth

Love.

Thus

the New Creation

beginneth,

not by violence,

but by the quiet reign

of Thy Spirit

within faithful hearts.

Fashion me,

O Lord,

into a living stone

within that holy Temple

which Thou art building.

Let my life

become

one small note

within

the everlasting hymn

of redemption.

Though my voice

be little,

let it join

the chorus

of prophets,

apostles,

martyrs,

angels,

and all

the redeemed Bride,

until the whole creation

resound

with thanksgiving

unto Thee.

For the day

draweth near

when all things

shall be renewed.

The curse

shall be remembered

no more.

Violence

shall cease.

Death

shall perish.

Every creature

shall rejoice

according

to Thy perfect will.

The River of Life

shall water

the whole earth.

The Tree of Life

shall heal

the nations.

The Holy City

shall descend

in splendour.

The Lamb

shall dwell

among His people.

The Invisible Father

shall be

all in all.

Then shall

every tear

be transformed

into joy.

Every longing

into fulfilment.

Every prayer

into praise.

Every faithful hope

into everlasting Vision.

Then shall

all creation,

visible

and invisible,

lift up

one eternal song

unto the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

the Uncreated Sun,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

whose Life

reneweth

all things,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXI

Blessed is the soul that delighteth in prayer, for she speaketh with her Beloved and learneth the language of Heaven.

Incline Thine ear,

O Lord,

unto the whisper

of my heart,

for before

a word

is formed

upon my lips,

Thou knowest it

altogether.

What then

is prayer,

save the meeting

of Thy Mercy

and my longing?

What is prayer,

save the Bride

speaking

with her Beloved?

What is prayer,

save the little stream

returning

unto its Fountain?

Therefore

will I pray

without ceasing,

not because

Thou knowest not

my needs,

but because

my soul

liveth

only by

Thy Presence.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who often

didst withdraw

unto solitary places

to commune

with the Father.

Thou hast shown

that silence

is holy,

that stillness

is fruitful,

and that love

groweth

where the heart

abideth

continually

before God.

Teach me,

therefore,

the prayer

of humility.

Not many words,

if few

be sufficient.

Not lofty speech,

if simplicity

pleaseth Thee more.

Not eloquence,

if sincerity

be lacking.

For Thou

lookest not

upon the beauty

of sentences,

but upon

the love

that offereth them.

When I rejoice,

let prayer

be thanksgiving.

When I sorrow,

let prayer

be trust.

When I sin,

let prayer

be repentance.

When I labour,

let prayer

be dedication.

When I rest,

let prayer

be quiet remembrance.

Thus shall

every hour

be sanctified,

and every breath

become

a little hymn

unto Thee.

Teach me

to pray

for my neighbour

before myself.

For the poor,

who hunger.

For the lonely,

who wait.

For the sick,

who suffer.

For the persecuted,

who endure.

For the weary,

who seek rest.

For those

who know Thee,

that they may

persevere.

For those

who seek Thee,

that they may

find.

For those

who resist Thee,

that Thy Love

may soften

their hearts.

For those

who have injured me,

that blessing

may overcome

resentment.

For thus

did my Beloved

pray,

even upon

the Cross.

Let prayer

become

the breath

of my soul.

As the body

cannot live

without air,

so let not

my spirit

attempt

to live

apart from Thee.

When words

fail,

let tears

pray.

When tears

fail,

let silence

pray.

When silence

remaineth,

let Thy Holy Spirit

pray within me

with groanings

too deep

for speech.

Thus shall

prayer

never cease.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

listen

as faithfully

as I speak.

For often

Thou answerest

not with thunder,

but with

the quiet Voice

that Elijah heard

upon the mountain.

Let my heart

therefore

become still.

Let every anxious thought

be laid aside.

Let every distraction

be surrendered.

That I may hear

the gentle whisper

of my Eternal Bridegroom.

At the ending

of my pilgrimage,

prayer

shall not cease,

but shall be

transformed.

Faith

shall become sight.

Hope

shall become possession.

Supplication

shall become thanksgiving.

Longing

shall become communion.

The hidden chamber

of prayer

shall open

into the Holy City.

The whispered hymn

shall become

the everlasting song

of the redeemed.

Then shall

I speak

no longer

through the veil,

but face to face

with Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

whose Presence

is the eternal prayer

and everlasting joy

of every faithful soul.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who heareth

every humble prayer,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

our great High Priest

and Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who prayeth

within the hearts

of the saints,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXII

Blessed is the soul that rejoiceth in holy repentance, for she shall be clothed anew in the mercy of the Eternal Bridegroom.

Have mercy

upon me,

O Lord,

according

to Thy loving-kindness.

According

unto the multitude

of Thy tender mercies,

remember not

my transgressions,

but remember

only Thy Love,

which endureth forever.

I confess

before Thee

that my heart

hath often wandered.

Mine eyes

have looked

toward passing shadows.

My tongue

hath spoken

without wisdom.

My thoughts

have not always

been pure.

My charity

hath often

grown cold.

Yet Thou,

O Christ,

didst not

cast me away.

When I fled,

Thou didst seek me.

When I hid,

Thou didst call my name.

When I fell,

Thou didst stretch forth

Thy wounded hands

to raise me again.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Bridegroom,

whose mercy

is greater

than all

my forgetfulness.

For Thou

desirest not

the destruction

of the sinner,

but that every soul

should turn

and live.

Therefore

will I not

hide my wounds

from Thee.

The Physician

cannot heal

the sickness

that refuseth

to be revealed.

The Shepherd

cannot bind

the wound

that remaineth

concealed.

The Bridegroom

cannot cleanse

the garment

that refuseth

His washing.

Therefore

I open

the hidden chambers

of my heart

before Thee.

Search me,

O Lord.

Reveal

every root

of pride.

Every seed

of bitterness.

Every secret

attachment

that keepeth me

from Thy Love.

Whatever

is false,

remove.

Whatever

is broken,

restore.

Whatever

is fearful,

comfort.

Whatever

is divided,

make one.

Wash me

in Thy mercy,

until my soul

become

white

as the morning light.

Teach me,

O Lord,

that repentance

is not

the sorrow

of despair,

but the joy

of returning Home.

It is

the prodigal son

arising.

It is

the lost sheep

lifted

upon the Shepherd's shoulders.

It is

the Bride

running

toward

her Beloved.

It is

the opening

of the heart

unto Love

once more.

Let me therefore

repent

quickly.

Let not

the sun

go down

upon my hardness.

Let no wound

remain

unhealed.

Let no offence

remain

unforgiven.

For Thy Mercy

is already

waiting

before

my repentance

is complete.

How wondrous

is Thy Love,

O Christ.

Thou rejoicest

more

over one soul

that returneth,

than over ninety

and nine

who wandered not.

The angels

sing.

Heaven

rejoiceth.

The Holy Spirit

comforteth.

The Father

embraceth.

The Bridegroom

restoreth

His beloved.

Grant me

also

such mercy

toward others.

If another

stumble,

let me not

condemn,

but restore.

If another

confess,

let me not

remember

former faults.

If another

return,

let me rejoice,

as Heaven

rejoiceth.

For I too

have been carried

home

by Grace alone.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

when every stain

hath been

washed away,

when every wound

hath been healed,

when every tear

hath become

a pearl

before Thy Throne,

I shall stand,

not clothed

in mine own righteousness,

but in

the white garment

prepared

by the mercy

of the Lamb.

Then shall

my heart

sing forever,

not of

my goodness,

but of

Thine.

Not of

my faithfulness,

but of

Thy steadfast Love.

Not of

my victory,

but of

Thy redeeming Grace.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

endureth forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Lamb,

my Holy Bridegroom,

who continually

restoreth

His beloved,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Comforter

of repentant hearts,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXIII

Blessed is the soul that singeth unto the Lord with a pure heart, for her song shall be joined unto the everlasting hymn of the holy angels.

Sing unto the Lord,

O my soul,

a new song,

for His mercies

are new

every morning.

Before the mountains

lifted up

their heads,

He was.

Before the sea

received

its boundaries,

He was.

Before the choirs

of angels

raised

their first hymn,

He was,

and His Love

already

filled eternity.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose goodness

no tongue

can fully declare.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose mercy

hath sought

Thy Bride

through every generation.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

Breath

of everlasting Life,

whose Hidden Flame

kindleth

unceasing praise

within faithful hearts.

Therefore

let every breath

become

a hymn.

Let every heartbeat

become

a psalm.

Let every act

of charity

become

another verse

within

the everlasting song

of Thy Kingdom.

The birds

sing

without ceasing.

The rivers

lift up

their voices.

The forests

whisper

in the wind.

The stars

keep

their silent praise.

The heavens

declare

Thy glory

day unto day.

Shall my soul

alone

remain silent,

after receiving

so great

a salvation?

Nay,

I shall sing

unto my Beloved.

Not because

my voice

is beautiful,

but because

His mercy

is worthy.

The sweetest hymn

is not always

that which

men applaud,

but that

which ariseth

from

a grateful heart.

One sigh

of holy love

is precious

before Thy Throne.

One whispered

Alleluia

offered

through tears

is remembered

by Heaven.

One quiet song

sung

by the lonely

is joined

unto the choirs

of angels.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to sing

even in sorrow.

For Paul

and Silas

praised Thee

within the prison.

David

sang

within the wilderness.

The saints

lifted

their hymns

even

before the sword.

Their joy

was not born

of comfort,

but of

communion

with Thee.

Grant me

such joy.

When prosperity

visiteth,

let me sing.

When affliction

visiteth,

let me still sing.

When companions

surround me,

let me sing.

When I walk

alone,

let me sing.

When life

beginneth,

let me sing.

When death

draweth near,

let my final breath

also

be praise.

For praise

scattereth

the darkness.

Praise

strengtheneth

hope.

Praise

humbleth

pride.

Praise

openeth

the heart

unto thanksgiving.

Praise

prepareth

the soul

for the Marriage Feast.

One day,

the little hymn

of earth

shall cease,

not because

praise

hath ended,

but because

it hath become

perfect.

The songs

of pilgrimage

shall become

the songs

of Home.

The hidden melody

of faith

shall become

the open anthem

of everlasting Vision.

There,

before

the Throne

of the Invisible Father,

the holy angels

shall sing.

The prophets

shall sing.

The apostles

shall sing.

The martyrs

shall sing.

The saints

whose names

are forgotten

upon earth

shall sing.

The whole redeemed Bride

shall lift up

one voice,

clear

as many waters,

gentle

as the evening breeze,

strong

as everlasting Love,

crying continually:

**Holy,

Holy,

Holy,

Lord God Almighty,

who was,

and is,

and is to come.

Worthy is the Lamb

that was slain,

to receive

power,

and riches,

and wisdom,

and strength,

and honour,

and glory,

and blessing.**

Then shall

my little song

be lost,

not in silence,

but within

the infinite hymn

of the New Jerusalem,

where every voice

is made perfect

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

whose praise

shall never cease,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXIV

Blessed is the soul that hungereth for righteousness, for she shall be satisfied at the Marriage Feast of the Lamb.

Blessed art Thou,

O Lord,

who hast planted

within my heart

a holy hunger,

which no bread

of this passing world

can satisfy.

Many tables

have been spread

before the children

of men.

Many feasts

have been prepared.

Many cups

have been lifted

with laughter.

Yet when

the music

hath ceased,

and the lamps

have grown dim,

the heart

remaineth hungry.

For it was fashioned,

not for passing delights,

but for Thee.

Therefore

my soul

crieth continually,

"Give me,

O Christ,

the Bread

that endureth

unto everlasting Life."

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who feedest

Thy beloved

with Thy Truth,

refreshest them

with Thy Mercy,

and strengthenest them

with Thy everlasting Love.

Thou hast prepared

a table

before me,

even

in the presence

of fear,

temptation,

and sorrow.

The Bread

of Thy Word

sustaineth me.

The Cup

of Thy Compassion

gladdeneth me.

The Oil

of Thy Spirit

anointeth me.

Therefore

my soul

shall not

faint.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to hunger,

not after

earthly honour,

but after

holiness.

Not after

the praise

of men,

but after

the approval

of Heaven.

Not after

riches,

but after

charity.

Not after

power,

but after

humility.

Not after

knowledge

alone,

but after

Wisdom

joined

unto Love.

Grant me

such hunger

that I may

never become

content

with mediocrity

in virtue.

Let me

continually

desire

greater patience.

Greater mercy.

Greater gentleness.

Greater faithfulness.

Greater hope.

Greater compassion.

Greater likeness

unto my Beloved.

For the soul

that ceaseth

to hunger

ceaseth

to grow.

The traveller

who thinketh

he hath already

arrived,

wandereth

from the path.

But the faithful pilgrim

presseth onward,

ever seeking

the Face

of Christ.

When I behold

injustice,

let me hunger

for Thy righteousness.

When I behold

cruelty,

let me hunger

for Thy mercy.

When I behold

falsehood,

let me hunger

for Thy Truth.

When I behold

division,

let me hunger

for Thy Peace.

When I behold

despair,

let me hunger

for Thy Hope.

Thus shall

every sorrow

within the world

become

another invitation

to pray,

to serve,

and to love.

For Thy Kingdom

draweth near.

Its feast

is already

prepared.

Its doors

stand open

unto every

humble heart.

Its Bread

shall never

be exhausted.

Its Cup

shall never

run dry.

Its Joy

shall never

be diminished.

At the end

of this pilgrimage,

my hunger

shall cease,

not because

desire

hath died,

but because

it hath been

perfectly fulfilled.

The Marriage Feast

of the Lamb

shall begin.

The Bride

shall sit

with her Beloved.

The saints

shall rejoice

without weariness.

The angels

shall minister

with gladness.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every soul.

The Tree of Life

shall yield

its fruit

without end.

There

no heart

shall hunger

again.

No soul

shall thirst

again.

For Christ Himself

shall be

our Bread,

our Joy,

our Peace,

our everlasting Satisfaction.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who satisfieth

every holy desire,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Bread of Heaven,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who filleth

the hungry

with good things,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXV

Blessed is the soul that remembereth the poor and the afflicted, for she ministereth unto Christ Himself.

Remember me,

O Lord,

that I may remember

those

whom the world

hath forgotten.

Let not

my heart

become

hardened

through comfort,

nor my eyes

be closed

by abundance.

For every gift

that Thou hast

entrusted unto me

is given,

not for mine own

glory,

but that I might

become

a steward

of Thy compassion.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who wast born

among the humble,

who hadst

not where

to lay

Thine head,

who didst

sit

with publicans

and sinners,

who didst

touch

the leper,

comfort

the widow,

restore

the broken,

and welcome

the little children

unto Thyself.

Thou hast declared,

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Therefore,

let me never

pass by

the suffering,

lest I pass

by Thee.

If I behold

the hungry,

let me

share

my bread.

If I behold

the thirsty,

let me

offer

living kindness.

If I behold

the stranger,

let me

receive him

with peace.

If I behold

the naked,

let me

clothe him

with generosity.

If I behold

the sick,

let me

visit him

with compassion.

If I behold

the prisoner,

let me

remember him

in prayer

and mercy.

For every soul

beareth

the image

of the Invisible Father,

though it be

hidden

beneath wounds,

poverty,

or sorrow.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to see

not according

to outward appearance,

but according

to Thy Love.

Let me never

despise

the little one.

Let me never

mock

the weak.

Let me never

judge

the fallen

without first

remembering

my own need

of mercy.

Grant

that my hands

may become

Thy hands.

My feet,

Thy feet.

My words,

Thy consolation.

My labour,

Thy service.

May I give

without boasting.

May I serve

without seeking

recognition.

May I love

without expecting

reward.

For Thou,

who seest

in secret,

rememberest

every hidden

act of charity.

The smallest

cup of water

offered

in Thy Name

is written

within Heaven.

The quietest

deed of mercy

echoeth

through eternity.

The unnoticed

kindness

is not forgotten

before Thy Throne.

Therefore

let me rejoice

when no man

knoweth

my labour.

For if

my Beloved

knoweth,

it is enough.

The world

measureth

greatness

by dominion.

Thou measurest

greatness

by service.

The world

seeketh

to be first.

Thou teachest

the first

to become

the servant

of all.

Fashion me,

therefore,

after

Thine own Heart.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

when I stand

before

the Holy Bridegroom,

let me behold

not only

His glory,

but also

the faces

of those

whom Thy Grace

allowed me

to serve.

Then shall

I understand

that every

hidden act

of compassion

was received

by Christ Himself.

Every tear

wiped away

became

a pearl

within His Kingdom.

Every burden

shared

became

a treasure

laid up

within the Holy City.

Then shall

the poor

rejoice

with the rich,

the lowly

with the mighty,

the forgotten

with the remembered,

for all

shall be one

within

the everlasting Love

of the Lamb.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose compassion

faileth never,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Merciful Bridegroom,

who became poor

that we

might become rich

in grace,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

whose Love

overfloweth

unto every soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

world without end.

Amen.

Psalm XXXVI

Blessed is the soul that loveth her enemies and prayeth for those who persecute her, for she beareth the likeness of the Eternal Bridegroom.

Teach me,

O Lord,

the difficult path

of perfect charity.

For it is easy

to love

those

who love me.

It is easy

to bless

those

who bless me.

It is easy

to welcome

those

who welcome me.

But Thou,

O Christ,

hast commanded

a greater love,

a love

that descendeth

from Heaven.

A love

that seeketh

not its own.

A love

that endureth

every injury.

A love

that hopeth

all things.

A love

that never faileth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst pray

for those

who crucified Thee,

saying,

**"Father, forgive them;

for they know not

what they do."**

Those words

have echoed

through every age,

breaking

the chains

of hatred,

softening

hearts

of stone,

and opening

the gates

of mercy

unto countless souls.

Grant unto me,

O Lord,

a heart

like unto Thine.

When I am reviled,

let me answer

with gentleness.

When I am hated,

let me answer

with compassion.

When I am misunderstood,

let me answer

with patience.

When I am wounded,

let me answer

with forgiveness.

For vengeance

belongeth not

unto me,

but unto Thy perfect justice,

which is ever

guided

by mercy.

Keep me

from bitterness,

which poisoneth

the soul

that harboureth it.

Keep me

from resentment,

which darkeneth

the lamp

of charity.

Keep me

from delighting

in another's downfall,

for such joy

cometh not

from Thy Spirit.

Instead,

teach me

to pray

for those

who oppose me.

Bless them

with wisdom.

Visit them

with peace.

Heal

their hidden wounds.

Reveal unto them

the beauty

of Thy Love.

For perhaps

they also

wander

through valleys

known only

unto Thee.

Perhaps

their harshness

ariseth

from sorrow.

Perhaps

their anger

concealeth fear.

Perhaps

their cruelty

masketh

a heart

that hath forgotten

its true Home.

Therefore,

let me judge

no man

finally,

for Thou alone

knowest

the secrets

of every soul.

If Thou

didst seek me

while I wandered,

shall I not

pray

for those

who wander still?

If Thou

didst forgive me,

shall I not

forgive others?

If Thou

didst love me

while I was yet

far from Thee,

shall I withhold

love

from my neighbour?

Nay,

Lord.

Let Thy Cross

stand always

before mine eyes.

For there

Love

triumphed

over hatred.

Mercy

over judgment.

Life

over death.

Hope

over despair.

There

my heart

learneth

its true lesson.

Fashion me,

O Holy Spirit,

after the image

of Christ.

Let no root

of malice

remain within me.

Let every wound

become

another doorway

unto compassion.

Let every trial

teach me

greater patience.

Let every enemy

become

another reason

to pray.

Thus shall

the Kingdom

already blossom

within my soul.

At the great

Marriage Feast

of the Lamb,

all enmity

shall cease.

Every sword

shall be laid aside.

Every accusation

shall be silenced.

Every faithful heart

shall rejoice together

before the Throne

of the Invisible Father.

There

the Bride

shall behold

the infinite Love

of her Beloved,

and shall understand

that every act

of forgiveness

upon earth

was but

a little reflection

of the boundless Mercy

which proceedeth

from Christ forever.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

extendeth

unto the just

and the unjust,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Merciful Bridegroom,

who loved

even His enemies,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Spirit

of perfect Charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXVII

Blessed is the soul that hopeth continually in the Lord, for hope shall become sight when the Bridegroom appeareth in His glory.

Why art thou

cast down,

O my soul?

Why art thou

disquieted

within me?

Hope thou

in the Lord,

for His promises

cannot fail,

and His mercy

endureth

throughout

all generations.

The night

may linger,

yet the Morning

is appointed.

The winter

may seem long,

yet spring

remembereth

its season.

The seed

may lie hidden

beneath the earth,

yet life

worketh secretly

within it.

Even so

doth Thy Grace,

O Christ,

labour quietly

within every faithful heart.

Though mine eyes

behold it not,

yet I know

that Thou art

at work.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Hope

of every nation,

the Joy

of every pilgrim,

the Light

that shineth

in darkness,

which the darkness

cannot overcome.

Thou hast gone

before us

through suffering,

through death,

and into

everlasting Life.

Therefore

our hope

resteth not

upon dreams,

nor upon

the uncertain promises

of men,

but upon

Thy Resurrection,

which standeth forever.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to hope

when prayer

seemeth unanswered.

To hope

when tears

are many.

To hope

when friends

depart.

To hope

when strength

declineth.

To hope

when faith

is tried

by the fire

of affliction.

For hope

is not

the denial

of sorrow,

but the certainty

that sorrow

shall not

have

the final word.

Many place

their hope

in riches,

yet riches

take wings.

Many hope

in princes,

yet princes

return

unto dust.

Many trust

in armies,

yet kingdoms

rise

and fall.

But they

who hope

in the Lord

shall renew

their strength.

They shall

mount up

with wings

as eagles.

They shall run,

and not

be weary.

They shall walk,

and not

faint.

Strengthen

my hope,

O Holy Spirit.

When doubt

draweth near,

remind me

of Thy promises.

When fear

whispereth,

answer it

with Thy Peace.

When despair

knocketh,

open instead

the door

unto Joy.

For every promise

spoken

by Christ

is faithful

and true.

Not one word

shall fail.

The Holy City

shall descend.

The River of Life

shall flow.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit.

The Bride

shall be adorned.

The Marriage Feast

shall begin.

The Lamb

shall reign forever.

These things

are more certain

than the rising

of the sun,

for heaven

and earth

shall pass away,

but Thy words

shall never

pass away.

Therefore

I will wait

with patience.

I will labour

with joy.

I will pray

without ceasing.

I will love

without fear.

For every step

bringeth me

nearer

unto my Home.

When at last

the veil

is lifted,

hope

shall be needed

no longer.

Faith

shall become

Vision.

Longing

shall become

Communion.

The distant song

shall become

the everlasting hymn

of Heaven.

The hidden Face

shall shine

before mine eyes.

The Beloved

shall embrace

His Bride.

Then shall

my soul

cry aloud

with everlasting gladness:

**"Lo,

this is our God;

we have waited

for Him,

and He

will save us.

This is the Lord;

we have waited

for Him.

We will be glad

and rejoice

in His salvation."**

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose promises

cannot fail,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Hope

of every faithful soul,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who sustaineth

our hope

unto the end,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXVIII

Blessed is the soul that remembereth death and seeketh eternal Life, for she shall awaken in the everlasting Kingdom of Christ.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to number

my days,

that I may

apply

my heart

unto wisdom.

For my life

is as the morning dew,

which glisteneth

for a little while,

and afterward

vanisheth

before the rising sun.

My years

are as a passing shadow.

My strength

is as the flower

of the field.

The wind

passeth over it,

and it is gone,

and the place thereof

remembereth it

no more.

Yet Thou,

O Invisible Father,

remainest forever.

Thy mercy

knoweth no ending.

Thy Kingdom

cannot be shaken.

Thy Love

faileth never.

Therefore

let not

my heart

cling

unto that

which passeth away,

but unto Thee,

who alone

art eternal.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast conquered

death

by Thy Resurrection,

and hast opened

the gates

of everlasting Life

unto all

who trust

in Thee.

Through Thee,

the grave

is no longer

the end,

but the beginning

of the everlasting Morning.

Teach me

to remember

my mortality,

not with despair,

but with wisdom.

For he

who remembereth

that his days

are few

learneth

to forgive quickly.

He speaketh

more gently.

He loveth

more deeply.

He giveth

more freely.

He prayeth

more earnestly.

He clingeth

less tightly

to passing things,

and more firmly

to the everlasting Kingdom.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from wasting

the precious hours

which Thou

hast entrusted

unto me.

Let not

idle vanity

consume them.

Let not

empty ambition

scatter them.

Let not

resentment

poison them.

Rather,

let every day

become

an offering

of thanksgiving.

Every hour

an opportunity

for mercy.

Every breath

another hymn

unto Thy glory.

If this day

be my last,

let me spend it

in charity.

If many years

yet remain,

let them all

be consecrated

unto Thee.

For whether

I live,

or whether

I die,

I belong

unto Christ.

When I behold

the graves

of those

who have gone before,

let me remember

that they also

once walked

these roads,

laughed,

wept,

laboured,

and hoped,

even as I do now.

The mighty

have entered

the dust.

The learned

have become silent.

The wealthy

have left behind

their treasures.

Only love

abideth.

Only mercy

followeth

the soul

into eternity.

Only that

which is offered

unto God

remaineth forever.

Grant me,

therefore,

to prepare

daily

for the hour

wherein

Thou shalt call me.

Not in fear,

but in peace.

Not with trembling,

but with hope.

Not looking

behind,

but forward

unto the Holy City.

For my Bridegroom

waiteth there.

The lamps

are already burning.

The Marriage Feast

is prepared.

The saints

await

their brethren.

The angels

rejoice

at every soul

that cometh Home.

And when

mine eyes

close

upon this passing world,

let them open

immediately

upon the everlasting Light

of Christ,

the Uncreated Sun,

whose radiance

knoweth

no evening.

Then shall

death itself

be swallowed up

in victory.

The grave

shall surrender

its captives.

The faithful

shall arise

incorruptible.

The Bride

shall stand

arrayed

in garments

of light.

The Holy Bridegroom

shall receive

His beloved

into everlasting joy.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Eternal One,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Resurrection

and the Life,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Giver

of immortal Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XXXIX

Blessed is the soul that endureth in faith until the appearing of the Lord, for she shall behold the Face of her Beloved without veil.

Keep me faithful,

O Lord,

unto the end

of my pilgrimage.

Let not

the length

of the journey

weary my hope,

nor the darkness

of the night

quench

the lamp

which Thou

hast kindled

within me.

For many

have begun

with gladness,

yet have fainted

before the harvest.

Many

have confessed

Thy Name,

yet have turned aside

after passing shadows.

Many

have desired

the crown,

yet refused

the narrow path

that leadeth

unto Life.

But Thou,

O Christ,

remainest faithful,

though all creation

should fail.

Thy covenant

cannot be broken.

Thy promises

cannot perish.

Thy Love

cannot be diminished.

Therefore

my soul

resteth

securely

within Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast kept

every promise

spoken

by Thy holy mouth.

Not one word

hath fallen

unto the ground.

Not one tear

of Thy saints

hath been forgotten.

Not one prayer

offered

in faith

hath escaped

Thine attention.

Thou knowest

every hidden struggle.

Every silent temptation.

Every unseen victory.

Every secret act

of charity.

Every sigh

of repentance.

Every whispered

Alleluia.

Nothing

is lost

before Thy Throne.

Therefore

strengthen me,

O Lord,

when my hands

grow weary.

Lift up

mine eyes

when they

look downward.

Renew

my spirit

when hope

groweth faint.

Speak once more

unto my heart,

as Thou didst

unto Thy disciples,

saying,

"Be not afraid."

For if

Thou art with me,

the wilderness

becometh

a garden.

If Thou

walk beside me,

the valley

becometh

a sanctuary.

If Thou

abide within me,

the storm

cannot overthrow

my peace.

Teach me

to remain faithful

in little things.

In quiet prayer.

In hidden service.

In gentle speech.

In honest labour.

In patient suffering.

In forgiving quickly.

In loving continually.

For the soul

that is faithful

in little things

shall rejoice

in the great things

of Thy Kingdom.

Keep me

from discouragement,

when I behold

the triumph

of wickedness

for a season.

For I know

that Thy justice

sleepeth not.

The harvest

awaiteth

its appointed hour.

The Judge

standeth already

at the door.

The Holy City

draweth near.

The Marriage Feast

is prepared.

The Bride

maketh herself ready.

The Bridegroom

delayeth only

according

to His mercy,

desiring

that many

should come

unto repentance.

Therefore

I will wait

with joy.

I will labour

with patience.

I will endure

with thanksgiving.

For the Day

of Christ

draweth ever nearer.

Soon

the trumpet

shall sound.

Soon

the heavens

shall be opened.

Soon

faith

shall become

Vision.

Soon

the veil

shall be lifted.

Soon

mine eyes

shall behold

the Face

for which

my soul

hath longed

through every

year

of exile.

Then shall

I fall

before

my Eternal Bridegroom,

not with fear,

but with unspeakable joy.

For His eyes

shall be

full of mercy.

His countenance

full of peace.

His voice

full of everlasting Love.

And He shall say

unto His faithful Bride:

**"Well done,

thou good

and faithful servant.

Enter thou

into the joy

of thy Lord."**

Then shall

every sorrow

be forgotten.

Every wound

be healed.

Every promise

fulfilled.

Every hope

perfected.

And Love alone

shall remain,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Faithfulness

endureth forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Faithful

and True,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who preserveth

the saints

unto everlasting Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XL

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the Uncreated Light of Christ, for she shall walk forever in the Day that knoweth no evening.

Lift up

thine eyes,

O my soul,

unto the Light

which no darkness

can overcome.

Not unto

the light

of the sun,

which ariseth

and declineth.

Not unto

the moon,

which waxeth

and waneth.

Not unto

the stars,

which appear

for a season

and vanish

before the dawn.

But unto

Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Uncreated Sun,

whose Radiance

hath neither

beginning

nor ending.

Before

the first morning

was spoken,

Thou wast

the Light.

Before

the heavens

were stretched forth,

Thou didst

shine

within the bosom

of the Invisible Father.

Before

time itself

received

its measure,

Thy Glory

filled

the everlasting

Pleroma.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Bridegroom,

whose countenance

scattereth

every shadow

of fear.

When Thou

didst walk

among men,

the blind

received sight.

The weary

found rest.

The sorrowful

received comfort.

The forgotten

were remembered.

The dead

heard Thy Voice

and lived.

For wherever

Thou art,

there

the Light

shineth.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to walk

as a child

of Light.

Let no darkness

remain hidden

within my heart.

If pride

casteth

its shadow,

shine upon it.

If anger

ariseth,

consume it

with Thy Love.

If fear

draweth near,

scatter it

with Thy Peace.

If forgetfulness

cover mine eyes,

awaken me

by Thy Radiance.

For Thy Light

revealeth,

yet condemneth not.

It healeth,

yet woundeth not.

It purifieth,

yet destroyeth not.

As gold

is refined

within the fire,

so let

my soul

be purified

within

the brightness

of Thy Presence.

Many love

the darkness,

because

their works

are hidden.

But grant

unto me

a heart

that rejoiceth

to walk openly

before Thee.

Let truth

be my garment.

Let humility

be my crown.

Let charity

be my path.

Let Thy Gospel

be my lamp.

Let Thy Spirit

be my guide.

Thus shall

the little flame

entrusted unto me

grow brighter

until it is gathered

into Thy

everlasting Day.

When the night

of this world

is ended,

there shall be

no more

setting

of the sun.

The Holy City

shall need

no candle,

neither light

of the sun,

for the Glory

of God

shall enlighten it,

and the Lamb

shall be

the Light thereof.

There

the redeemed

shall behold

the Face

of Christ

without veil.

There

the holy angels

shall rejoice.

There

the saints

shall shine

like the stars,

yet all

their brightness

shall proceed

from the Uncreated Sun.

There

no shadow

shall fall.

No sorrow

shall return.

No fear

shall remain.

Only

the everlasting

Radiance

of Divine Love,

wherein

the Bride

beholdeth forever

the beauty

of her Beloved.

Then shall

my pilgrimage

be finished.

My lamp

shall no longer

be needed,

for I shall dwell

within

the infinite Light

of Jesus Christ,

my Eternal Bridegroom,

whose splendour

is the joy

of every saint,

the hymn

of every angel,

and the everlasting glory

of the Invisible Father,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLI

Blessed is the soul that dwelleth beneath the shadow of the Cross, for she shall rejoice forever beneath the Tree of Life.

I flee

unto Thy Cross,

O Christ,

not because

I am strong,

but because

I am weak.

Not because

I am righteous,

but because

Thou art merciful.

Not because

I have conquered,

but because

Thou hast overcome

the world.

The Cross

is my refuge.

The Cross

is my banner.

The Cross

is my hope

within

the wilderness.

The Cross

is the bridge

from exile

unto Home.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst transform

the tree

of shame

into

the Tree of Life.

Where Adam

stretched forth

his hand

unto disobedience,

Thou didst

stretch forth

Thine hands

unto perfect obedience.

Where death

entered

through the ancient tree,

Life

flowered forth

from the holy Cross.

O wondrous mystery!

The instrument

of suffering

became

the throne

of Love.

The place

of execution

became

the fountain

of mercy.

The sign

of death

became

the standard

of everlasting victory.

Therefore

I shall not

be ashamed

of the Cross.

Let the proud

boast

of their strength.

Let the mighty

boast

of their kingdoms.

Let the learned

boast

of their wisdom.

But I

will glory

only

in the Cross

of my Lord

Jesus Christ.

For there

I behold

the depth

of Thy compassion.

There

I behold

the price

of forgiveness.

There

I behold

the measure

of Divine Love.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to take up

my little cross

each day,

not with complaint,

but with thanksgiving.

For every burden

borne with Thee

becometh lighter.

Every sorrow

shared with Thee

becometh hope.

Every sacrifice

offered in love

becometh

a hidden treasure

within Heaven.

When temptation

draweth near,

let me remember

the Cross.

When pride

ariseth,

let me remember

the Cross.

When anger

burneth,

let me remember

the Cross.

When despair

whispereth,

let me remember

the Cross.

For there

the Lamb

forgave.

There

the Innocent

prayed

for the guilty.

There

Mercy

triumphed

over judgment.

There

Love

conquered

all things.

Grant me

also

such love.

That I may

bear patiently

the faults

of others.

That I may

forgive

before

I am asked.

That I may

serve

without seeking

reward.

That I may

lay down

myself

for my neighbour,

as my Beloved

laid down

His Life

for me.

Then shall

the Cross

no longer

appear

as a burden,

but as

the holy path

which leadeth

unto the Resurrection.

For beyond

Calvary

standeth

the Empty Tomb.

Beyond

the tears

shineth

the everlasting Morning.

Beyond

the pilgrimage

waiteth

the Holy City.

Beyond

every cross

spreadeth

the branches

of the Tree of Life,

whose fruit

is eternal joy,

and whose leaves

are for

the healing

of the nations.

There

the Bride

shall rest forever

beneath

its holy shade.

There

the Bridegroom

shall wipe away

every tear.

There

the memory

of suffering

shall become

only another reason

for everlasting praise.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

was revealed

upon the holy Cross,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Crucified

and Glorified Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

whose power

maketh

the Cross

the Tree of Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLII

Blessed is the soul that keepeth herself pure for the Eternal Bridegroom, for she shall enter with joy into the Bridal Chamber of everlasting Light.

Prepare me,

O Lord,

for the Day

of Thy appearing.

Wash my garments

in Thy Mercy.

Adorn my soul

with Thy Grace.

Anoint me

with the oil

of Thy Holy Spirit,

that my lamp

may burn continually

until the coming

of my Beloved.

For Thou hast called

Thy Church

a spotless Bride,

without blemish,

without wrinkle,

arrayed

in garments

of righteousness.

Not through

her own beauty,

but because

Thou hast loved her,

cleansed her,

and clothed her

with Thyself.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Love

maketh beautiful

all whom

Thou embracest.

When Thou

didst behold me,

I was poor.

When Thou

didst call me,

I was wandering.

When Thou

didst receive me,

I was clothed

with dust.

Yet Thou

didst not

despise me.

Thou didst

wash me

with Thy Mercy.

Thou didst

cover me

with Thy Compassion.

Thou didst

place upon me

the white garment

of Thy Grace.

Therefore

let me not

soil

that holy garment

through pride,

hatred,

falsehood,

or cruelty.

Keep me,

O Lord,

faithful

unto Thee.

Let not

my heart

be divided.

Let not

passing idols

draw away

my affection.

Let not

the glitter

of this age

turn mine eyes

from the everlasting

Beauty

of Christ.

For Thou alone

art worthy

of all

my love.

Teach me

to preserve

the hidden chamber

of my heart

for Thee alone.

Let every thought

become

an offering.

Every word

a hymn.

Every deed

an act

of devotion.

Let my life

be woven

like a bridal garment,

thread by thread,

with humility,

patience,

mercy,

truth,

purity,

hope,

and charity.

When temptation

seeketh

to stain

my soul,

cleanse me quickly.

When I stumble,

raise me.

When I forget,

call me back.

When I wander,

seek me,

for without

Thee

I cannot

remain faithful.

But with Thee,

all things

are made new.

Grant also,

O Holy Spirit,

that my purity

may never become

pride.

For the pure

despise

no sinner.

The holy

condemn

no penitent.

The faithful

remember always

that every grace

is received

from above.

Therefore

let purity

be joined

unto compassion,

and holiness

unto humility.

One day,

the trumpet

shall sound.

The holy angels

shall rejoice.

The lamps

of the wise

shall burn brightly.

The doors

of the Bridal Chamber

shall be opened.

The Bride,

made ready

by the Mercy

of the Lamb,

shall enter

with songs

of everlasting joy.

There

no stain

shall remain.

No shadow

shall fall.

No temptation

shall arise.

Only

perfect Love,

perfect Peace,

perfect Communion,

within the everlasting

Radiance

of the Uncreated Sun.

Then shall

my soul

behold

the Face

of her Beloved,

and hearing

His gentle Voice,

shall know

that every prayer,

every tear,

every act

of repentance,

and every faithful

step

was leading

unto this

eternal embrace.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who prepareth

His people

for everlasting glory,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who presenteth

His Bride

without blemish,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who sanctifieth

every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLIII

Blessed is the soul that liveth in continual remembrance of Christ, for she shall never be separated from His Presence.

Remember me,

O Lord,

and grant

that I may

never cease

to remember Thee.

When I awaken,

let Thy Name

be the first

upon my heart.

When I labour,

let Thy Presence

guide my hands.

When I speak,

let Thy Wisdom

go before my tongue.

When I am silent,

let my soul

rest quietly

within Thy Love.

For what

is remembrance,

save the hidden bond

between

the Bride

and her Beloved?

The world

remembereth

its victories,

its riches,

its honours,

and its sorrows.

Yet all these

pass away

like smoke

before the wind.

But the soul

that remembereth

Jesus Christ

possesseth

a treasure

which neither

time,

nor death,

nor forgetfulness

can steal.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose remembrance

is sweeter

than honey,

more precious

than gold,

and more refreshing

than cool waters

unto the weary pilgrim.

When I remember

Thy Birth,

my heart

learneth humility.

When I remember

Thy hidden years,

my heart

learneth patience.

When I remember

Thy teachings,

my heart

learneth wisdom.

When I remember

Thy miracles,

my heart

learneth hope.

When I remember

Thy Cross,

my heart

learneth love.

When I remember

Thy Resurrection,

my heart

learneth joy.

When I remember

Thy Ascension,

my heart

looketh upward.

When I remember

Thy promised coming,

my soul

keepeth watch

with burning lamps.

Thus

every mystery

of Thy Life

becometh

another light

along my pilgrimage.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to remember Thee

amid the noise

of the world.

When business

surroundeth me,

let me remember.

When temptation

draweth near,

let me remember.

When prosperity

smileth,

let me remember.

When sorrow

visiteth,

let me remember.

When friends

encourage me,

let me remember.

When I walk

alone,

let me remember.

For the heart

that remembereth Christ

is never

truly alone.

The Holy Spirit

bringeth

to remembrance

all that

Thou hast spoken.

Therefore,

renew continually

within me

the memory

of Thy goodness.

Let not

the dust

of worldly cares

cover

the holy image

of my Beloved.

Cleanse

the mirror

of my heart,

that Thy Face

may ever

be reflected

therein.

As incense

ascendeth

continually

within the Temple,

so let

the remembrance

of Thy Name

rise continually

within my soul.

Not only

in hours

appointed

for prayer,

but in every

breath,

every labour,

every kindness,

every silence,

every joy,

and every sorrow.

Thus shall

my whole life

become

one continual

remembrance

of Thee.

And when

memory itself

shall no longer

be needed,

because faith

hath become sight,

I shall behold

Thee

face to face.

No longer

shall I remember

through signs,

or words,

or sacraments,

or longing,

for Thou Thyself

shalt stand

before me.

The remembrance

of earth

shall become

the Vision

of Heaven.

The longing

of exile

shall become

the joy

of Home.

The prayer

of the Bride

shall become

the everlasting embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who hath remembered

His people

through every generation,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

whose Name

is written

upon every faithful heart,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who continually

bringeth Christ

unto remembrance,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLIV

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth Christ in every neighbour, for she already walketh in the love of the Kingdom that shall never end.

Open mine eyes,

O Lord,

that I may behold

not only

Thy glory

within Heaven,

but Thy holy image

within

every soul

whom Thou hast made.

For many

seek Thee

among distant wonders,

yet pass by

their neighbour

without love.

Many desire

visions

of angels,

yet neglect

the suffering

that standeth

before their door.

Many search

for hidden mysteries,

yet overlook

the plain commandment

which Thou hast spoken:

**"Love one another,

as I have loved you."**

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst receive

the weary,

the forgotten,

the poor,

the stranger,

the widow,

the orphan,

and the sinner,

with the same

boundless mercy

wherewith

Thou hast received me.

Teach me,

therefore,

to behold

every neighbour

through Thine eyes.

If one rejoiceth,

let me rejoice.

If one mourneth,

let me weep.

If one stumbleth,

let me restore

with gentleness.

If one hungereth,

let me share

my bread.

If one thirsteth,

let me offer

refreshment.

If one longeth

for hope,

let me speak

the peace

of Christ.

For every soul

is precious

before Thee.

Every person

is called

unto Thy Kingdom.

Every heart

is invited

unto the Marriage Feast

of the Lamb.

Grant unto me,

O Lord,

a love

that maketh

no distinction

between great

and small.

Let me not honour

the mighty,

while forgetting

the humble.

Let me not praise

the learned,

while despising

the simple.

Let me not welcome

the wealthy,

while neglecting

the poor.

For before

Thy Throne,

all crowns

are laid down,

and every faithful soul

standeth

only by

Thy Mercy.

If ever

I become

the cause

of another's sorrow,

grant me

swift repentance.

If ever

I fail

to show kindness,

awaken me

before

the day

is ended.

If ever

my heart

grow cold,

rekindle it

with the Hidden Flame

of Thy Spirit.

For I desire

not merely

to speak

of love,

but to become

a little vessel

through which

Thy Love

may flow.

Let my house

be open

to hospitality.

Let my table

have room

for another.

Let my hands

be ready

to serve.

Let my ears

be patient

to listen.

Let my tongue

be slow

to condemn,

and quick

to encourage.

Thus shall

my neighbour

find,

not me,

but Christ

walking beside him.

Then shall

the world

know

that we are

Thy disciples,

not by

our arguments,

nor by

our learning,

nor by

our strength,

but by

the charity

which Thou

hast planted

within us.

And when

the last day

shall come,

and the Holy Bridegroom

shall gather

His redeemed,

I shall behold

countless faces

from every nation,

every tongue,

every people,

and every generation,

all made one

within

the everlasting Love

of the Lamb.

There

none shall be

a stranger.

None forgotten.

None despised.

None alone.

For Christ

shall be

all in all,

and His Love

shall unite

the whole redeemed Bride

throughout

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose image

is reflected

in every soul,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who hath loved us

unto the end,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Bond

of everlasting Charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLV

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the Marriage Feast of the Lamb by faith, for she shall rejoice forever in the Bridal Chamber of everlasting Glory.

Mine heart

overfloweth

with a good matter,

for I speak

of the King,

whose beauty

surpasseth

all created glory.

Fairer art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

than the children

of men.

Grace

is poured

upon Thy lips.

Mercy

floweth

from Thy Heart.

Truth

walketh

before Thee.

Peace

followeth

after Thee.

Thy Kingdom

shall know

no ending.

Thy Love

shall never

grow old.

Blessed art Thou,

O Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast loved

Thy Bride

with an everlasting Love.

Before

the stars

were kindled,

Thou didst know

every soul

that should

one day

rejoice

within Thy Kingdom.

Before

the mountains

were established,

Thou didst prepare

the Marriage Feast.

Before

time

received

its first morning,

Thy Mercy

was already

awaiting

the children

of Light.

Now

the invitation

goeth forth

unto all.

Come,

ye weary,

and find rest.

Come,

ye thirsty,

and drink

of the Living Water.

Come,

ye hungry,

and eat

the Bread

of Heaven.

Come,

ye wounded,

and receive

healing.

Come,

ye exiles,

and return

unto your Home.

Come,

for all things

are now

made ready.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to wear

the wedding garment

which Thou alone

canst provide.

Not garments

woven

of earthly honour,

nor robes

embroidered

with human praise,

but the white raiment

washed

in the mercy

of the Lamb.

Clothe me

with humility.

Gird me

with truth.

Cover me

with charity.

Adorn me

with patience.

Crown me

with hope.

Anoint me

with the Hidden Flame

of Thy Holy Spirit.

Thus shall

my soul

be prepared

for the day

of everlasting joy.

Already,

by faith,

I hear

the distant music

of the Holy City.

Already,

I behold

the lamps

burning

within

the Bridal Chamber.

Already,

the holy angels

prepare

their everlasting hymns.

Already,

the saints

lift up

their songs

of thanksgiving.

Already,

the Bride

arrayeth herself

in garments

of radiant light.

And Thou,

O Christ,

standest

at the door,

calling gently

unto every heart:

**"Behold,

I stand

at the door,

and knock."**

Grant,

O Lord,

that when

Thou knockest,

I may not

delay.

Let not

the cares

of this passing age

keep me

from opening

unto Thee.

Let not

fear,

nor pride,

nor forgetfulness

bar the entrance

of my heart.

Enter,

my Beloved.

Make Thy dwelling

within me.

Transform

my little heart

into a sanctuary

of Thy Peace,

until the earthly temple

giveth place

unto the everlasting

Bridal Chamber

of Heaven.

Then shall

the great Feast

begin.

The Bridegroom

shall rejoice

over His Bride.

The Bride

shall rejoice

in her Beloved.

The River of Life

shall flow

through the Holy City.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

The Uncreated Sun

shall shine

forever.

No lamp

shall be needed.

No shadow

shall remain.

No farewell

shall ever

be spoken again.

Only

the everlasting embrace

of Divine Love,

wherein

the Invisible Father

is glorified,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

in the joy

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLVI

Blessed is the soul that resteth wholly in the providence of the Invisible Father, for she shall never be moved from the Rock who is Christ.

God

is my refuge

and my strength,

a very present

help

in every season.

Therefore

shall I not fear,

though the earth

be shaken,

though the mountains

be carried

into the midst

of the sea,

though the nations

rage,

and the kingdoms

be troubled.

For above

every storm

standeth

the Throne

of the Invisible Father,

unchanged

throughout

all the holy Aeons.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Rock

which cannot

be broken,

the Foundation

which cannot

be overthrown,

the Peace

which no violence

can destroy.

When my thoughts

are troubled,

be Thou

my stillness.

When my path

is uncertain,

be Thou

my Guide.

When my strength

faileth,

be Thou

my Fortress.

When all things

around me

appear

to crumble,

let my heart

remain

hidden

within Thee.

For the rivers

of Thy Grace

make glad

the Holy City,

whose Builder

and Maker

is God.

Its walls

shall never

be breached.

Its gates

shall never

be closed.

Its foundations

shall never

be shaken.

For the Lamb

dwelleth

in the midst

thereof.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to build

my life

upon Thy Word.

Not upon

the shifting sands

of passing opinions,

nor upon

the praise

of men,

nor upon

earthly security,

which fadeth

like the flower

of the field.

But upon

the everlasting Rock,

whose Faithfulness

endureth forever.

If prosperity

visit me,

let me not

become proud.

If poverty

visit me,

let me not

lose hope.

If honour

be given,

let me remain

humble.

If reproach

be suffered,

let me remain

peaceful.

For neither

abundance

nor want

can separate me

from Thy Love.

The world

seeketh

certainty

in that

which passeth away.

But my certainty

is this:

that Christ

liveth.

That the Cross

hath conquered.

That the Tomb

is empty.

That the Holy Spirit

abideth.

That the Holy City

draweth near.

That the Bridegroom

shall surely come.

Upon these promises

my soul

resteth.

Therefore

I shall be still,

and know

that Thou

art God.

Let the clamour

of the world

fall silent

within me.

Let every anxious thought

bow down

before Thy Peace.

Let every restless desire

find its Sabbath

within Thy Presence.

For true rest

is found,

not in idleness,

but in communion

with Thee.

One day,

the storms

shall cease.

The sea

shall become

as crystal.

The trumpet

shall sound.

The Bride

shall arise.

The Holy City

shall descend

in glory.

The River of Life

shall flow

through everlasting peace.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches

over all

the redeemed.

Then shall

every faithful soul

rest forever

in the embrace

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

never again

to fear,

never again

to wander,

never again

to weep,

but to rejoice

without end

beneath

the everlasting radiance

of the Uncreated Sun.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose providence

faileth never,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the immovable Rock,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Giver

of everlasting Peace,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLVII

Blessed is the soul that loveth the appearing of Christ, for she shall rejoice when the heavens are opened and the Bridegroom is revealed in glory.

Lift up

your heads,

O ye gates.

Be ye lifted up,

ye everlasting doors.

For the King

of Glory

draweth near.

The Bridegroom

cometh.

The Morning Star

ariseth.

The Uncreated Sun

beginneth

to shine

without setting.

Therefore

let every faithful heart

prepare itself

with joy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Coming

is the hope

of every saint,

the expectation

of every prophet,

the joy

of every angel,

and the everlasting delight

of Thy redeemed Bride.

Long have I

walked

the roads

of exile.

Long have I

waited

through the watches

of the night.

Long have I

lifted mine eyes

toward Heaven,

whispering,

**"Even so,

come,

Lord Jesus."**

And Thou hast heard

every longing.

Thou hast gathered

every prayer.

Thou hast preserved

every tear

within

the treasury

of Thy Mercy.

Teach me,

therefore,

to love

Thy appearing.

Not to fear

the Day

of Thy Coming,

but to welcome it

with rejoicing.

For Thou comest,

not as a stranger,

but as my Beloved.

Not as one

unknown,

but as Him

whom my soul

hath loved

through every season

of this pilgrimage.

When Thou appearest,

the hidden

shall be revealed.

Truth

shall overcome

every falsehood.

Justice

shall embrace

Mercy.

Peace

shall silence

every war.

Love

shall heal

every wound.

The proud

shall humble themselves.

The meek

shall inherit

the Kingdom.

The faithful

shall enter

the joy

prepared for them

from before

the foundation

of the world.

Grant me,

O Lord,

that my lamp

may burn brightly

upon that Day.

Let the oil

of Thy Holy Spirit

never fail.

Let the garment

of Thy Mercy

remain spotless.

Let my hands

be occupied

with charity.

My lips

with thanksgiving.

My heart

with holy expectation.

Thus shall

I not be ashamed

when Thou

appearest.

The heavens

shall be opened.

The holy angels

shall rejoice.

The trumpet

shall sound.

The dead

shall awaken.

The sea

shall surrender

its treasures.

The earth

shall yield

her sleeping children.

The Holy City

shall descend

like a Bride

prepared

for her Husband.

The River of Life

shall flow

through its midst.

The Tree of Life

shall bear fruit

without ceasing.

The Lamb

shall dwell

among His people.

The Invisible Father

shall wipe away

every tear

from every face.

There shall be

no more death.

No more mourning.

No more crying.

No more pain.

For the former things

shall have passed away,

and behold,

all things

shall become new.

Then shall

my heart

burst forth

with everlasting praise.

Then shall

my eyes

behold

the Face

for which

they have longed.

Then shall

my soul

hear

the Voice

that hath called

unto me

from before

the beginning

of the world.

Then shall

the Bride

enter forever

into the joy

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

never again

to be separated,

never again

to wander,

but to dwell

within

the everlasting Light

of Christ,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose eternal purpose

is fulfilled

in Jesus Christ,

through the Eternal Logos,

the King of Glory,

the Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who prepareth

the Bride

for the Day

of everlasting joy,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLVIII

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the Holy Wisdom of God in Christ, for she shall walk in the Light of eternal understanding.

O Eternal Wisdom,

proceeding

from the Invisible Father,

Radiance

of the Uncreated Light,

Living Logos,

Jesus Christ,

unto Thee

do I lift

my soul.

For Thou

art the Beginning

and the End,

the First

and the Last,

the Hidden Treasure

revealed unto

the humble,

the Pearl

of great price,

for whom

every earthly possession

may gladly

be forsaken.

Before

the worlds

were established,

Thou wast.

Before

the aeons

received

their order,

Thou didst dwell

within

the ineffable Fullness.

Through Thee

the heavens

were stretched forth.

Through Thee

the earth

received

its foundations.

Through Thee

Life

was bestowed,

and in Thee

that Life

became

the Light

of men.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Bridegroom,

for Thou hast made

known

the Invisible Father

unto Thy beloved.

He that beholdeth Thee

beholdeth

the image

of the Unseen.

He that heareth

Thy Voice

heareth

the call

of everlasting Love.

He that followeth

Thee

shall not walk

in darkness,

but shall possess

the Light

of Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to seek

Wisdom

before knowledge.

To seek

Truth

before victory.

To seek

Love

before power.

To seek

Thee

before all things.

For many

desire

to know

the mysteries

of Heaven,

yet neglect

the humility

that openeth

the gate

unto Wisdom.

Many inquire

concerning

the hidden things,

yet forget

the greatest

of all mysteries—

that God

is Love,

and that

the Eternal Logos

gave Himself

for His Bride.

Grant unto me

a heart

that wondereth,

rather than boasteth.

A mind

that worshippeth,

rather than exalts itself.

A spirit

that receiveth,

rather than graspeth.

For Thy Wisdom

is given,

not purchased.

It is received

by the meek,

not seized

by the proud.

As the morning light

entereth

quietly

through the window,

so let

Thy Wisdom

enter

the secret chamber

of my soul.

Dispel

the shadows

of ignorance.

Scatter

the clouds

of fear.

Burn away

every falsehood

by the Radiance

of Thy Truth.

Let every thought

become

obedient

unto Christ.

Let every desire

be purified

by Love.

Let every action

bear witness

unto Thy Kingdom.

For true Wisdom

is seen,

not only

in words,

but in mercy.

Not only

in understanding,

but in forgiveness.

Not only

in contemplation,

but in charity.

The wise man

buildeth

upon the Rock.

The wise virgin

keepeth

oil

within her lamp.

The wise servant

remaineth

faithful

until

his Lord

returneth.

Grant

that I may

be numbered

among these.

Then,

when every mystery

is fulfilled,

and every shadow

hath fled,

I shall behold

Perfect Wisdom,

not through

figures,

nor parables,

nor signs,

but face to face.

The questions

of this age

shall fall silent.

The fragments

of understanding

shall become

one perfect Vision.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and every faithful soul

shall know,

even as she

is known.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of everlasting Wisdom,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Wisdom

of God,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who illumineth

the hearts

of the faithful,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XLIX

Blessed is the soul that layeth up treasures in Heaven, for her inheritance shall never perish, neither shall it fade away.

Where

shall I

store

my treasure,

O Lord?

Shall I

gather

gold,

which another

shall possess?

Shall I

build

great houses,

which time

shall overthrow?

Shall I

seek

the praise

of men,

which is forgotten

before

another generation?

Nay,

my soul

shall seek

another inheritance,

hidden

with Christ

in God.

For every treasure

of earth

is uncertain.

The moth

consumeth.

The rust

corrupteth.

The thief

breaketh through

and stealeth.

The kingdoms

of men

rise

and fall.

Their monuments

crumble.

Their names

fade

from remembrance.

Yet Thy Kingdom,

O Christ,

remaineth forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast promised

an inheritance

incorruptible,

undefiled,

and unfading,

reserved

within Heaven

for Thy beloved.

Teach me,

therefore,

to gather

the riches

that endure.

Let every act

of mercy

become

a jewel.

Let every prayer

become

a pearl.

Let every tear

shed

for righteousness

become

a precious stone

within

the Holy City.

Let every burden

borne

for love's sake

become

a treasure

which no age

can diminish.

Grant me

a generous heart,

that delighteth

more

in giving

than receiving.

For Thou

didst become poor,

that we

might become rich

in Thy Grace.

Let my hands

remain open,

for closed hands

cannot receive

the gifts

of Heaven.

If abundance

be entrusted

unto me,

let me

be faithful.

If little

be entrusted,

let me

be thankful.

For the measure

of wealth

is not

what a man

possesseth,

but what

he offereth

unto Love.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to value

the hidden

above

the visible.

The quiet prayer

above

the loud applause.

The secret kindness

above

public honour.

The humble servant

above

the earthly ruler.

The pure heart

above

the golden crown.

For where

my treasure

abideth,

there also

shall my heart

remain.

Therefore

let my treasure

be Christ.

Let my wealth

be His Presence.

Let my inheritance

be His Kingdom.

Let my joy

be His Love.

The day

shall come

when every account

of earth

shall be closed.

Every coin

shall lose

its value.

Every possession

shall be left behind.

Only Love

shall accompany

the soul

into eternity.

Only Mercy

shall endure.

Only Truth

shall remain.

Only Christ

shall satisfy

the longing

of every faithful heart.

Then shall

the Holy City

shine

with treasures

not fashioned

by human hands.

Its streets

shall gleam,

not because

of earthly gold,

but because

they reflect

the glory

of the Lamb.

The crowns

of the saints

shall be

the gifts

of Divine Grace.

The riches

of Heaven

shall be

the endless joy

of beholding

the Face

of the Eternal Bridegroom.

Then shall

my soul

rejoice,

for every little act

offered

in love

upon earth

shall blossom

into everlasting glory,

and every treasure

laid up

within Heaven

shall remain

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose riches

are without measure,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

the Treasure

above all treasures,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who enriches

every faithful soul

with everlasting grace,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm L

Blessed is the soul that offereth herself wholly unto God, for she shall become a living temple of the Holy Spirit and shall dwell forever in the joy of the Eternal Bridegroom.

Receive me,

O Lord,

for I am Thine.

Before

I was formed

within the womb,

Thou didst know me.

Before

I learned

to call

upon Thy Name,

Thou didst call

unto me.

Before

my first breath,

Thy Mercy

had already

prepared

the path

whereon

I should walk.

Therefore

I return

unto Thee,

not as one

who bringeth

a worthy offering,

but as one

who hath received

all things

from Thy hand.

Take,

O Lord,

my body,

that it

may become

an instrument

of charity.

Take

my mind,

that it

may delight

in Thy Wisdom.

Take

my memory,

that it

may never

forget

Thy goodness.

Take

my will,

that it

may seek

only

that which

pleaseth Thee.

Take

my heart,

that it

may burn

with the Hidden Flame

of Thy Love.

Take

my words,

that they

may speak

peace,

truth,

and consolation.

Take

my hands,

that they

may serve

the weary.

Take

my feet,

that they

may walk

the path

of righteousness.

Take

my tears,

my joys,

my labour,

my rest,

my victories,

and my failures,

and weave

them all

into one hymn

of praise

unto Thy Glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

for Thou

didst first

offer Thyself

unto the Father

for the life

of the world.

Teach me

to follow

Thee,

not reluctantly,

but joyfully.

Not by compulsion,

but by love.

Not seeking

mine own honour,

but the glory

of the Invisible Father.

For all

that I possess

is Thine.

Every breath

is Thy gift.

Every heartbeat

is Thy mercy.

Every day

is another

invitation

to draw nearer

unto Thee.

If I must

labour,

let me labour

for Thy Kingdom.

If I must

suffer,

let me suffer

with hope.

If I must

wait,

let me wait

with patience.

If I must

rejoice,

let me rejoice

with thanksgiving.

In every season,

let my soul

remain

an offering

laid gently

upon

the altar

of Thy Love.

Make me,

O Holy Spirit,

a living temple,

cleansed

of every falsehood,

filled

with every virtue,

illumined

by the Light

of Christ.

Let no idol

find a dwelling

within me.

Let no bitterness

remain hidden.

Let no pride

occupy

the sanctuary

which Thou

hast consecrated.

Instead,

fill every chamber

of my soul

with faith,

hope,

charity,

peace,

purity,

humility,

and holy joy.

Then shall

my whole life

become

a continual

liturgy.

Every breath

shall be incense.

Every deed

shall be worship.

Every moment

shall proclaim

the goodness

of the Invisible Father.

And when

my final offering

is complete,

when my pilgrimage

hath reached

its blessed end,

receive me,

O Christ,

into the everlasting

Temple

not made

with human hands.

There

the Bride

shall dwell

forever

with her Beloved.

There

the song

shall never cease.

There

the River of Life

shall flow

without end.

There

the Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every age.

There

the Uncreated Sun

shall shine

forever.

There

the Invisible Father

shall be

all in all.

Unto the Invisible Father,

from whom

and through whom

and unto whom

are all things,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

who hath made

His people

a holy temple,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Giver of Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LI

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the Face of God in purity of heart, for she shall rejoice forever in the Vision of the Eternal Light.

One thing

have I desired

of the Lord,

and this

will I seek:

that I may dwell

in the House

of the Invisible Father

all the days

of my life,

to behold

the beauty

of the Lord,

and to inquire

within

His holy dwelling.

For every longing

of my soul

findeth

its rest

in Thee.

Every desire

is but

a little spark

seeking

the everlasting Fire.

Every search

is but

a wandering

until it endeth

at Thy Feet.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the perfect Image

of the Invisible Father,

through whom

the hidden God

is lovingly revealed

unto His children.

No earthly beauty

can compare

with Thy Beauty.

No earthly joy

can equal

Thy Presence.

No earthly wisdom

can surpass

the knowledge

of Thy Love.

Therefore

purify mine eyes,

O Lord,

that I may behold

Thee.

Not only

in the age

to come,

but even now,

through faith,

through prayer,

through charity,

and through

the quiet working

of Thy Holy Spirit.

If envy

cloudeth

my vision,

cleanse it.

If pride

darkeneth

my understanding,

humble me.

If anger

covereth

my heart,

wash it

in Thy Mercy.

If fear

draweth

a veil

before mine eyes,

lift it away

by Thy Peace.

For only

the pure in heart

shall behold

the Face

of God.

Create within me,

therefore,

a clean heart,

and renew

a steadfast spirit

within me.

Let every thought

become

more truthful.

Every affection

more holy.

Every desire

more ordered

unto Thy Kingdom.

That the mirror

of my soul

may reflect,

however faintly,

the beauty

of Christ.

Teach me

to seek

not visions

for their own sake,

nor signs,

nor wonders,

but Thee alone.

For if

I possess

Thee,

I possess

every good thing.

If I behold

Thee,

I need

no lesser light.

If I dwell

within Thy Love,

I have already

entered

the beginning

of eternal Life.

One day,

the veil

shall be removed.

Faith

shall become

Vision.

Hope

shall become

Possession.

Prayer

shall become

Communion.

The Bride

shall behold

her Holy Bridegroom

without shadow,

without distance,

without end.

There

face shall answer

unto Face.

Love

shall answer

unto Love.

Joy

shall overflow

without measure.

The Holy City

shall shine

with the Radiance

of the Lamb.

The River of Life

shall flow

clear as crystal.

The Tree of Life

shall bear fruit

through every season

of eternity.

The redeemed

shall behold

the Face

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

whose Light

shall fill

all things.

Then shall

my soul

be satisfied

forever.

No further

shall I seek,

for I shall

have found

my Beloved.

No longer

shall I knock,

for the everlasting

Door

shall stand open.

No longer

shall I hunger,

for Love Himself

shall be

my eternal Feast.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose glory

no tongue

can fully proclaim,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the perfect Image

of the Father,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who prepareth

the faithful

for the Beatific Vision,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LII

Blessed is the soul that endureth forever in the Love of the Holy Trinity, for she shall abide eternally within the communion of the Invisible Father, through the Eternal Logos, in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

Abide with me,

O Lord,

for the evening

of this age

draweth near,

and all

the passing lights

of the world

grow dim.

Yet Thy Light

declineth not.

Thy Love

groweth not weary.

Thy Mercy

knoweth

no setting.

Therefore

I shall abide

within Thee,

and Thou

within me,

throughout

all the ages

which have

no ending.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of everlasting Love,

from whom

every good

and perfect gift

proceedeth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast united

Heaven

and earth,

drawing Thy beloved

unto Thyself

through Thy Cross

and glorious Resurrection.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

Breath

of everlasting Life,

Hidden Flame

of Divine Charity,

who dwellest

within

the hearts

of the faithful,

making them

living temples

of God.

Grant,

O Lord,

that nothing

may separate me

from Thy Love.

Neither life,

nor death.

Neither joy,

nor sorrow.

Neither abundance,

nor poverty.

Neither praise,

nor reproach.

Neither things

present,

nor things

to come.

For Thy Love

is stronger

than death,

deeper

than the sea,

higher

than the heavens,

and broader

than all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

When I rejoice,

let me rejoice

in Thee.

When I labour,

let me labour

with Thee.

When I suffer,

let me suffer

beside Thee.

When I rest,

let me rest

within Thee.

When I awaken,

let me awaken

unto Thy praise.

When I sleep,

let my soul

remain

hidden

within Thy Peace.

For apart

from Thee,

there is

no lasting joy.

Apart

from Thee,

every song

groweth silent.

Every beauty

fadeth.

Every treasure

perisheth.

Every kingdom

passeth away.

But with Thee,

all things

are made new.

Love

never faileth.

Peace

knoweth

no ending.

Joy

overfloweth

without measure.

Life

becometh

everlasting.

Teach me,

therefore,

to remain

faithful

unto the end.

To persevere

in prayer.

To abound

in charity.

To walk

in humility.

To forgive

without measure.

To hope

without wavering.

To worship

without ceasing.

Thus shall

my whole life

become

a continual

abiding

within

the everlasting

Love

of God.

And when

the final veil

is lifted,

I shall discover

that every step

of my pilgrimage

was already

held

within

Thy Providence.

The Holy City

shall shine

without shadow.

The River of Life

shall flow

without end.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every

eternal season.

The Bride

shall rest

forever

in the embrace

of her Eternal Bridegroom.

The saints

shall rejoice

in unending communion.

The holy angels

shall sing

their ceaseless hymn.

And all creation,

renewed

and glorified,

shall proclaim

with one voice

the infinite goodness

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

and perfected

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit.

Then shall

Love alone

remain.

Love

without fear.

Love

without sorrow.

Love

without end.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

is the beginning

and end

of all things,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the everlasting Bond

of Divine Charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LIII

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth all creation restored in Christ, for she shall rejoice in the New Heaven and the New Earth forever.

I lift mine eyes,

O Lord,

beyond

the sorrows

of this passing age,

unto the promise

which cannot fail.

For Thou

hast spoken,

and Thy Word

standeth forever:

**"Behold,

I make

all things new."**

Therefore

my heart

shall not

give itself

unto despair.

Though creation

groaneth,

it groaneth

as a mother

awaiting

the birth

of everlasting joy.

Though the earth

be wounded,

its Healer

liveth.

Though the nations

wander,

their Shepherd

calleth still.

Though death

remaineth

for a little while,

its dominion

is already broken

by the Resurrection

of Christ.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

all things

were created,

and in whom

all things

shall be gathered

into perfect harmony.

Nothing good

shall be lost

before Thee.

No act

of charity

shall perish.

No prayer

offered in faith

shall be forgotten.

No tear

shed in hope

shall remain

without comfort.

For Thy Love

gathereth

every fragment

and restoreth

every broken thing

according

to Thy perfect Wisdom.

Teach me,

therefore,

to labour

even now

for the renewal

of Thy creation.

Let me sow

peace,

where hatred

hath grown.

Let me sow

truth,

where falsehood

hath spread.

Let me sow

mercy,

where judgment

hath wounded.

Let me sow

hope,

where despair

hath taken root.

For every seed

planted

in Thy Name

shall blossom

within

Thy everlasting Kingdom.

Grant me

eyes

to behold

this world

not merely

as it is,

but as it shall become

through

the triumph

of Thy Love.

Let every sunrise

remind me

of the New Morning.

Let every spring

whisper

of the Resurrection.

Let every river

foretell

the River of Life.

Let every garden

remember

the Tree

whose leaves

are for

the healing

of the nations.

Then shall

my soul

learn

to rejoice

even in hope,

for hope

is already

the first light

of the coming Day.

At the fulfillment

of all things,

the New Heaven

and the New Earth

shall appear

in glory.

The Holy City

shall descend

like a Bride

adorned

for her Beloved.

The curse

shall be remembered

no more.

Violence

shall cease.

Sorrow

shall flee away.

Every creature

shall rejoice

according

to Thy holy will.

The sea

of fear

shall become

the crystal sea

of peace.

The wilderness

shall blossom.

The nations

shall walk

in the Light

of the Lamb.

The River of Life

shall flow

without end.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

for every age

of eternity.

Then shall

the Invisible Father

be glorified

in all,

through all,

and above all.

The Eternal Logos

shall shine

as the Uncreated Sun.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

every heart

with everlasting joy.

The Bride

shall dwell

forever

with her Holy Bridegroom,

and Love

shall reign

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who reneweth

all things,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Firstborn

of the New Creation,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Lord

and Giver

of everlasting Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LIV

Blessed is the soul that glorifieth God with her whole being,
for her praise shall never cease in the everlasting Kingdom.

Bless the Lord,

O my soul,

and all

that is within me,

bless

His holy Name.

Bless the Invisible Father,

whose Love

called me

from nothingness

into life.

Bless

the Eternal Logos,

who sought me

when I wandered,

redeemed me

when I had fallen,

and leadeth me

unto the Father's House.

Bless

the Holy Spirit,

whose gentle Breath

reneweth

my heart,

comforteth

my weakness,

and kindleth

within me

the Hidden Flame

of Divine Charity.

Forget not,

O my soul,

all His benefits.

He forgiveth

every sin

that is confessed

in humility.

He healeth

the wounds

that no earthly physician

can touch.

He strengtheneth

the weary.

He upholdeth

the broken.

He remembereth

the forgotten.

He seeketh

the wandering.

He crowneth

His children

with mercy

and loving-kindness.

Who is like

unto Thee,

O Lord?

The heavens

cannot contain

Thy Majesty.

The angels

cease not

to adore Thee.

The saints

rejoice continually

before Thy Throne.

Yet Thou

stoopest

to hear

the whisper

of the humble,

and delightest

to dwell

within

the contrite heart.

Teach me,

therefore,

to glorify Thee,

not only

with my lips,

but with

my whole life.

Let my thoughts

honour Thee.

Let my words

honour Thee.

Let my labour

honour Thee.

Let my rest

honour Thee.

Let my joy

honour Thee.

Let my suffering

honour Thee.

Let every breath

become

an offering

of thanksgiving.

If I walk

among the poor,

let me glorify Thee

through compassion.

If I stand

among the learned,

let me glorify Thee

through humility.

If I possess

abundance,

let me glorify Thee

through generosity.

If I endure

want,

let me glorify Thee

through trust.

For every season

is an opportunity

to proclaim

Thy goodness.

The flowers

glorify Thee

by their beauty.

The rivers

glorify Thee

by their flowing.

The stars

glorify Thee

by their shining.

The winds

glorify Thee

by their obedience.

Let my soul,

also,

glorify Thee

by faithful love.

When the evening

of this life

draweth near,

let praise

remain

upon my lips.

When my strength

faileth,

let thanksgiving

remain

within my heart.

When my final breath

is offered,

let it ascend

as incense

before Thy Throne.

Then shall

the hymn

begun upon earth

continue

without ending.

The holy angels

shall welcome

the redeemed.

The prophets

and apostles

shall rejoice.

The martyrs

shall sing.

The whole

communion

of saints

shall lift

one everlasting song

before

the Throne

of the Invisible Father.

The Holy City

shall echo

with unending praise.

The River of Life

shall resound

with joy.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every age

of eternity.

The Lamb

shall reign

in everlasting glory,

and His Bride

shall rejoice

without end.

Then shall

all creation,

visible

and invisible,

cry with one voice:

**Blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and power,

be unto Him

who sitteth

upon the Throne,

and unto the Lamb,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LV

Blessed is the soul that entereth into holy silence before God, for in the stillness she heareth the eternal Voice of the Logos.

Be still,

O my soul,

and know

the Lord.

Cease

from restless thoughts.

Cease

from anxious striving.

Cease

from vain imaginings.

Cease

from every voice

that draweth thee

away

from the quiet

of Divine Love.

For the Invisible Father

is not found

in the noise

of pride,

nor in

the tumult

of ambition,

nor in

the endless

clamour

of the world.

He revealeth

Himself

unto the humble,

whose hearts

have become

still

before Him.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Voice

is gentle,

yet stronger

than the thunder.

Thou dost not

cry aloud

to overcome

the world,

but speakest

within

the secret chamber

of the heart.

Thou didst call

Samuel

in the silence

of the night.

Thou didst speak

unto Elijah,

not in

the mighty wind,

nor in

the earthquake,

nor in

the consuming fire,

but in

the still,

small Voice.

Even so,

speak now

unto me.

Silence

the multitude

of my thoughts.

Gather

the scattered powers

of my soul.

Lead me

into the inner chamber,

where Thou

waitest

with infinite patience.

There,

let me

sit

at Thy feet,

as Mary

sat,

choosing

the better part,

which shall

not be

taken away.

Teach me,

O Lord,

that silence

is not

emptiness,

but fullness.

Not absence,

but Presence.

Not forgetfulness,

but remembrance.

Not loneliness,

but communion.

For when

the tongue

becometh still,

the heart

beginneth

to hear.

When

the eyes

cease wandering,

the soul

beginneth

to behold.

When

the will

ceaseth striving,

Love

beginneth

to reign.

Grant me

holy silence

amid

the labour

of each day.

Silence

before speaking,

that my words

may be true.

Silence

before judging,

that mercy

may prevail.

Silence

before acting,

that wisdom

may guide me.

Silence

before prayer,

that I may

first hear

the Voice

of my Beloved.

If sorrow

visit me,

let silence

become trust.

If joy

overflow,

let silence

become wonder.

If confusion

surround me,

let silence

become waiting.

For Thou

workest often

where I cannot see,

and speakest

even when

I perceive

no sound.

One day,

all the noise

of this passing age

shall cease.

The tumult

of nations

shall be silent.

The striving

of kingdoms

shall end.

The restless

searching

of the human heart

shall find

its eternal rest.

Then shall

the whole creation

stand

in holy awe

before

the Infinite Majesty

of the Invisible Father.

Not because

love

hath ended,

but because

love

hath become

perfect.

Not because

the hymn

hath ceased,

but because

every silence

shall itself

be filled

with worship.

There,

within

the everlasting

Radiance

of the Uncreated Sun,

the Bride

shall rest

in the embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom.

No fear

shall disturb.

No thought

shall wander.

No sorrow

shall remain.

Only

perfect Peace,

perfect Love,

and perfect Communion,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose eternal Word

is heard

by the listening heart,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who leadeth

the faithful

into the silence

of Divine Love,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LVI

Blessed is the soul that trusteth wholly in the mercy of God, for she shall never be forsaken, either in this age or in the age to come.

Into Thy hands,

O Lord,

I commit

my spirit.

For Thou

hast redeemed me,

O God

of Truth.

When I was weak,

Thou wast

my strength.

When I was lost,

Thou didst

seek me.

When I was fearful,

Thou didst

comfort me.

When I wandered,

Thou didst

bring me home.

Therefore

my soul

shall trust

in Thee.

Not in

mine own strength,

for it faileth.

Not in

mine own wisdom,

for it is small.

Not in

the favour

of men,

for it passeth away.

Not in

the treasures

of the earth,

for they perish.

But in

Thy Mercy,

which endureth

forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose compassion

knoweth

no measure,

whose patience

is never exhausted,

whose forgiveness

is deeper

than every abyss,

and whose Love

surpasseth

all understanding.

Teach me,

therefore,

to rest

without fear

within Thy Providence.

When tomorrow

is hidden,

I shall trust.

When the path

is uncertain,

I shall trust.

When prayer

seemeth unanswered,

I shall trust.

When sorrow

remaineth,

I shall trust.

For Thou

art already

present

within

the future

which I cannot see.

Every step

is known

unto Thee.

Every tear

is numbered.

Every burden

is measured

by Thy Wisdom.

Every trial

is held

within

the embrace

of Thy Love.

Grant me,

O Lord,

the simplicity

of the little child,

who sleepeth

without fear

because

his father

keepeth watch.

Let my heart

rest likewise

within

the care

of the Invisible Father.

Drive away

every anxious thought.

Scatter

every needless fear.

Break

every chain

of despair.

Plant instead

the quiet tree

of confidence,

whose roots

drink deeply

from

the River of Life.

When I behold

the lilies,

let me remember

Thy care.

When I behold

the birds,

let me remember

Thy providence.

When I behold

the stars,

let me remember

Thy faithfulness.

When I behold

the Cross,

let me remember

that nothing

can separate me

from Thy Love.

For Thou

didst not spare

Thine own Son,

but gavest Him

for us all.

How then

shalt Thou

not also

freely give

all things

needful

unto Thy children?

At the hour

of my departure,

let trust

remain

my final prayer.

When my sight

groweth dim,

let faith

grow brighter.

When earthly voices

fade,

let me hear

the Voice

of my Beloved.

When my last breath

is offered,

let it be

an act

of peaceful surrender

unto Thee.

Then shall

I awaken,

not in fear,

but in joy.

The Holy Bridegroom

shall receive

His beloved.

The Holy City

shall open

its everlasting gates.

The River of Life

shall refresh

my soul.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches

above me.

The Invisible Father

shall welcome

His child

into the House

prepared

before

the foundation

of the world.

Then shall

trust

become

perfect rest.

Faith

become

everlasting sight.

Hope

become

eternal possession.

And Love

alone

shall remain,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

never faileth,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

whose Faithfulness

endureth forever,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Comforter

of every trusting soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LVII

Blessed is the soul that rejoiceth in the communion of all the saints, for she shall never walk alone upon the path unto the Kingdom.

I give thanks

unto Thee,

O Lord,

for Thou

hast not

called me

to walk alone.

Though my feet

tread

the narrow way,

I journey

in the company

of countless witnesses,

whose faith

hath illumined

the path

through every generation.

The prophets

went before me.

The apostles

strengthened

the foundations.

The martyrs

sealed

their testimony

with love.

The confessors

endured

with patience.

The holy virgins

kept

their lamps burning.

The hidden servants,

known

only unto Thee,

offered

their quiet lives

as fragrant incense

before Thy Throne.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast gathered

Thy people

from every nation,

every tribe,

every tongue,

and every generation,

making them

one Body,

one Bride,

one holy household

of the Invisible Father.

Teach me,

therefore,

to rejoice

in the communion

of Thy saints.

Let me never

walk

in pride,

imagining

that I journey

alone.

Let me receive

with gratitude

the wisdom

of those

who have gone before.

Let me honour

their witness,

not by praise

alone,

but by following

their faith,

their humility,

their charity,

and their hope.

Grant me,

O Lord,

companions

upon the way.

Brothers

who strengthen

the weak.

Sisters

who comfort

the sorrowful.

Teachers

who speak

the truth

with gentleness.

Children

whose simplicity

remindeth us

of the Kingdom.

Elders

whose perseverance

encourageth

the weary.

And if

I myself

may become

a companion

unto another,

grant

that I may

bear

his burden,

listen

to his grief,

encourage

his hope,

and rejoice

in his joy.

For thus

is Thy Church

built,

stone

upon living stone,

heart

joined

unto heart,

all united

by the Love

of the Holy Spirit.

Though oceans

divide us,

we remain

one.

Though centuries

separate us,

we remain

one.

Though death

itself

seemeth

to stand between,

still

we remain

one,

for nothing

can divide

those

who live

in Christ.

The prayers

of the faithful

rise together

like incense.

The songs

of the redeemed

become

one hymn.

The charity

of countless souls

floweth

into one

great river

of praise

unto the Lamb.

One day,

the pilgrimage

shall end,

and every separation

shall cease.

Those

whom faith

hath known

from afar

shall embrace

face to face.

The saints

shall gather

without number.

The angels

shall rejoice

without ceasing.

The Holy City

shall be filled

with unending fellowship.

None

shall be forgotten.

None

shall be absent.

None

shall be lost

who abide

in the Love

of Christ.

The Bride

shall stand,

perfected

and glorious,

before

her Eternal Bridegroom.

Every voice

shall join

the everlasting hymn.

Every heart

shall beat

with one

holy joy.

Every soul

shall rejoice

in the infinite communion

of Divine Love,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who hath called

His children

into one

holy communion,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Head

of the redeemed Bride,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who uniteth

all faithful souls

in everlasting charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LVIII

Blessed is the soul that overcometh through the Love of Christ, for she shall inherit all things and dwell forever in the Kingdom of the Invisible Father.

Who shall

separate me

from the Love

of Christ?

Shall tribulation,

or distress?

Shall persecution,

or hunger?

Shall nakedness,

or peril,

or the sword?

Nay.

In all these things

we are more

than conquerors,

not through

our own strength,

but through Him

who hath loved us

from before

the foundation

of the world.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose victory

was won,

not by

the weapons

of violence,

but by

the triumph

of perfect Love.

The Cross

became Thy throne.

Forgiveness

became Thy sword.

Mercy

became Thy crown.

Humility

became Thy majesty.

Thus hast Thou

overcome

the world.

Teach me,

therefore,

to overcome

as Thou

didst overcome.

Let me conquer

anger

through patience.

Hatred

through charity.

Falsehood

through truth.

Fear

through faith.

Pride

through humility.

Despair

through hope.

Let every temptation

become

an opportunity

to draw nearer

unto Thee.

Let every trial

become

another step

toward

the Holy City.

Let every sorrow

be transformed

by Thy Grace

into everlasting joy.

For victory

is not found

in destroying

another,

but in

becoming

more perfectly

conformed

unto Christ.

Grant me,

O Lord,

the courage

to endure

without bitterness.

To suffer

without despair.

To forgive

without measure.

To serve

without seeking

reward.

To love

without counting

the cost.

For these

are the victories

which endure

throughout eternity.

The kingdoms

of this world

shall pass away.

The triumphs

of earthly power

shall fade.

The monuments

of men

shall become dust.

But one act

of holy charity

shall shine

forever

before Thy Throne.

One hidden prayer

shall echo

through

the holy Aeons.

One soul

faithfully preserved

in Thy Love

is a greater victory

than all

the empires

of the earth.

Strengthen me,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

not grow weary

in well-doing.

When the battle

seemeth long,

renew

my hope.

When my strength

declineth,

be Thou

my strength.

When my courage

faileth,

remind me

that the Lamb

hath already

overcome.

For His victory

is my confidence.

His Resurrection

is my assurance.

His Love

is my inheritance.

Then,

at the end

of every struggle,

I shall hear

the Voice

of my Eternal Bridegroom,

saying:

**"To him

that overcometh

will I grant

to inherit

all things;

and I

will be

his God,

and he

shall be

My child."**

Then shall

every conflict

be ended.

Every tear

be wiped away.

Every wound

be healed.

The Holy City

shall stand

in everlasting peace.

The River of Life

shall flow

without ceasing.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every age.

The Bride

shall reign

with her Beloved

in perfect Love,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

maketh

all His children

victorious,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Lamb

who hath overcome

the world,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who strengtheneth

the faithful

unto everlasting triumph,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LIX

Blessed is the soul that keepeth watch in hope and rejoiceth in the mercy of God, for the dawn of the everlasting Day shall surely arise upon her.

Watch with me,

O Lord,

through the night

of this passing age,

until the Morning

which knoweth

no evening.

For the darkness

is not

darkness

unto Thee.

The night

shineth

as the day,

and every shadow

fleeth

before

Thy Presence.

Therefore

my soul

shall not

lose heart,

though the hour

be late,

nor shall

my lamp

grow dim,

for Thou

art near.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

Faithful Watchman

of every soul,

who neither

slumberest

nor sleepest,

but keepest

unceasing watch

over Thy beloved.

Thou hast seen

every hidden tear.

Thou hast heard

every whispered prayer.

Thou hast remembered

every secret

act of charity.

Nothing

offered

in love

is forgotten

before Thee.

Teach me,

therefore,

to watch

with patience.

Not with fear,

but with expectation.

Not with anxiety,

but with peace.

Not counting

the hours,

but filling

each hour

with faithfulness.

Let my prayer

remain steadfast.

Let my hope

remain joyful.

Let my charity

remain constant.

Let my heart

remain awake.

For many

grow weary

of waiting,

and many

forget

the promises

of God.

But Thou,

O Lord,

art never late.

Every season

arriveth

at its appointed hour.

The dawn

cometh

after the night.

The harvest

followeth

the sowing.

The Resurrection

followed

the Cross.

Even so,

the fullness

of Thy Kingdom

shall come

according

to Thy perfect Wisdom.

Grant me,

O Holy Spirit,

the perseverance

to remain

awake

in soul.

If sleep

of indifference

creepeth near,

awaken me.

If the cares

of this world

weigh heavily

upon me,

lift mine eyes

unto Heaven.

If my hope

groweth faint,

renew it

with the remembrance

of Christ.

For the Morning Star

hath already

appeared,

and His Light

shall soon

fill

all creation.

Then shall

every watch

be ended.

Every vigil

fulfilled.

Every promise

completed.

The Holy City

shall shine

with everlasting glory.

The River of Life

shall gladden

every heart.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

The Bride

shall enter

the Bridal Chamber,

and the Holy Bridegroom

shall rejoice

over His beloved

with everlasting joy.

Then shall

the faithful

watch no more,

for they shall

behold

the Face

of Him

for whom

they waited.

Night

shall be

no more.

The Uncreated Sun

shall illumine

all things.

Love

shall reign

forever,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose promises

never fail,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Morning Star,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who keepeth

the faithful

awake in hope,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LX

Blessed is the soul that entereth into everlasting joy, for she shall dwell forever with the Invisible Father through Jesus Christ, the Eternal Logos, in the communion of the Holy Spirit.

Now,

O Lord,

bring Thou

to fulfillment

all Thy promises.

Gather

Thy children

from every land.

Call home

every wandering soul

that hath loved

Thy appearing.

Complete

the work

which Thy Mercy

hath begun.

For Thou

art faithful,

and none

of Thy words

shall fail.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Beginning

without beginning,

the End

without ending,

the Fountain

of Life,

the Ocean

of Love,

the Mystery

beyond every mystery,

whom no created mind

can fully comprehend,

yet whom

the Eternal Logos

hath lovingly revealed.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

Alpha

and Omega,

First

and Last,

the Lamb

once slain,

now reigning

forever,

the Uncreated Sun

whose Light

shall never fade.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

Breath

of everlasting Life,

Hidden Flame

of Divine Love,

Perfect Consoler,

who hast guided

the faithful

through every age,

and shalt never

depart

from Thy redeemed.

Now

let every exile

come Home.

Let every pilgrim

lay aside

his staff.

Let every tear

be wiped away.

Let every wound

be healed.

Let every prayer

be answered.

Let every hope

be fulfilled.

Let every promise

become

everlasting joy.

The Holy City

standeth open.

Its gates

shall never close.

Its foundations

cannot be shaken.

Its streets

shine

with the glory

of the Lamb.

Its River

floweth

clear as crystal.

Its Tree

beareth

fruit

through every season

of eternity.

Its light

is Christ Himself.

There

the Bride

shall behold

her Beloved

without veil.

There

the saints

shall rejoice

without weariness.

There

the angels

shall sing

without ceasing.

There

the prophets

shall behold

the fulfillment

of every promise.

There

the apostles

shall rejoice

in the harvest

of the Gospel.

There

the martyrs

shall wear

their crowns

of glory.

There

every faithful soul

shall know

perfect peace.

No sin

shall enter there.

No sorrow

shall remain.

No fear

shall trouble

the heart.

No death

shall cast

its shadow.

No farewell

shall ever

again

be spoken.

For God

shall dwell

with His people.

The Lamb

shall shepherd

His redeemed.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

all things

with everlasting Life.

The Invisible Father

shall be

all in all.

Then shall

the hymn

which began

upon earth

continue

through every

holy Aeon

of the Pleroma.

Love

shall never fail.

Joy

shall never diminish.

Peace

shall never depart.

Wisdom

shall never cease.

Communion

shall never be broken.

The Bride

and the Bridegroom

shall remain

together

forever.

And all creation,

renewed

in Christ,

shall proclaim

with one voice:

**Holy,

Holy,

Holy,

Lord God Almighty,

who was,

and is,

and is to come.

Blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

and power,

and might,

be unto the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the communion

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Even so,

come,

Lord Jesus.

Amen.

Psalm LXI

Blessed is the soul that resteth forever in the Bosom of the Invisible Father, for her pilgrimage is ended, and her joy shall know no end.

At last,

O Lord,

my wandering

is finished.

The long road

hath reached

its blessed end.

The dust

of exile

is shaken

from my feet.

The pilgrim's staff

is laid aside.

The watch

of the night

is completed.

The Morning

which hath

no evening

hath arisen.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose everlasting Love

hath drawn

Thy child

unto Thyself.

Not because

I was worthy,

but because

Thou art merciful.

Not because

I was strong,

but because

Thy Grace

sustained me.

Not because

I found

the way,

but because

the Eternal Logos

came seeking me

when I was lost.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Holy Bridegroom,

Faithful Shepherd,

Living Word,

whose pierced hands

have led me

through every valley,

whose gentle Voice

hath comforted me

through every sorrow,

whose Resurrection

hath transformed

every grave

into the gate

of everlasting Hope.

Now

I behold

what faith

long desired.

Now

I possess

what hope

long awaited.

Now

Love

alone

remaineth.

The veil

is removed.

The shadows

have fled.

The questions

of earth

have fallen silent.

The mysteries

are gathered

into one

perfect Vision.

I behold

Thee,

my Beloved,

not through

symbols,

nor dreams,

nor distant longing,

but face

unto Face.

Every beauty

I loved

upon earth

was but

a faint reflection

of Thy Beauty.

Every joy

I tasted

was but

a little drop

from the Ocean

of Thy Gladness.

Every act

of charity

was but

a spark

from Thy

everlasting Fire.

Now

the Ocean

is before me.

Now

the Sun

shineth

without cloud.

Now

the Fire

burneth

without consuming,

filling

every faithful soul

with endless delight.

There

is no fear.

There

is no separation.

There

is no loneliness.

There

is no forgetting.

Every saint

is known.

Every tear

is remembered

only

as a testimony

unto Thy Mercy.

Every wound

is transformed

into glory.

Every prayer

hath become

praise.

Every longing

hath become

fulfillment.

Every faithful soul

dwelleth

within

the communion

of everlasting Love.

The Holy City

needeth

no temple,

for the Lord God Almighty

and the Lamb

are its Temple.

It needeth

no sun,

nor moon,

for the glory

of God

is its Light,

and the Lamb

is its everlasting Lamp.

The River of Life

floweth forever.

The Tree of Life

yieldeth

its fruit

without end.

The holy angels

cease not

their hymn.

The redeemed

grow never weary

of adoration.

For eternity

is not

the passing

of endless time,

but the endless

fullness

of Thy Presence.

Therefore

my soul

shall bless Thee

forever.

My love

shall never diminish.

My joy

shall never fade.

My song

shall never cease.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Source

of all Being,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the everlasting communion

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXII

Blessed is the soul that is lost in the infinite Love of God, for she shall find herself eternally within the boundless Mystery of the Invisible Father.

Beyond

every word,

O Lord,

Thou remainest.

Beyond

every thought,

Thou art.

Beyond

every image,

every likeness,

every name

that the tongue

can utter,

Thou dwellest

in unapproachable

Light,

the Infinite Mystery,

the Source

of every being,

the Silence

from whom

the Eternal Word

proceedeth.

How shall

I speak

of Thee,

whose greatness

no heaven

can contain?

How shall

I praise

Thee,

whose glory

surpasseth

the hymn

of every angel?

How shall

I know

Thee,

unless Thou

makest Thyself

known

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Image

of the Invisible Father?

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Bridegroom,

who hast descended

into our poverty,

that Thou mightest

raise us

into the riches

of Divine Life.

Thou hast led us

by signs,

by parables,

by Scripture,

by sacraments,

by prayer,

by suffering,

by joy,

and by Love,

until at last

every sign

yieldeth

unto Thy Presence.

Now

the journey

draweth

toward

its perfect rest.

Not because

the Mystery

is exhausted,

but because

the soul

is embraced

by the Mystery

without end.

The deeper

I enter

into Thee,

the more

I discover

that Thou

art infinite.

The more

I behold,

the more

I adore.

The more

I receive,

the more

I desire.

Yet desire

is no longer

the ache

of absence,

but the endless

delight

of everlasting communion.

Love

leadeth

ever deeper

into Love.

Glory

openeth

unto greater Glory.

Joy

overfloweth

into greater Joy.

The holy Aeons

are filled

with wonder,

yet the wonder

never groweth old.

For the Infinite

cannot

be exhausted.

The Eternal

cannot

be diminished.

The Good

cannot

be measured.

The Beautiful

cannot

be surpassed.

The True

cannot

be overcome.

Therefore

every moment

of eternity

becometh

a new

beginning

of praise.

Every hymn

becometh

the birth

of another hymn.

Every vision

openeth

unto deeper Vision.

Every embrace

becometh

a fuller communion.

Thus

the saints

shall never cease

to rejoice.

The angels

shall never cease

to sing.

The Bride

shall never cease

to love

her Eternal Bridegroom.

The Invisible Father

shall forever

pour forth

His inexhaustible

Life,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

unto all

the redeemed.

And all

shall answer,

not because

they must,

but because

Love itself

shall overflow

without measure:

**Glory

unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mystery

is endless.

Glory

unto Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

whose Love

revealeth

the Father.

Glory

unto the Holy Spirit,

whose Communion

uniteth

all things

in perfect Charity.

Blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

and power,

and praise,

be unto the One God,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXIII

Blessed is the soul that singeth the everlasting Amen, for she shall dwell eternally in the joy of God, where praise hath neither beginning nor end.

Amen,

O Lord.

Before

my lips

first learned

this holy word,

the heavens

already

proclaimed

Thy faithfulness.

Before

the mountains

were lifted,

Amen

was hidden

within

Thy eternal counsel.

Before

the holy angels

raised

their first hymn,

Thou alone

didst dwell

in perfect fullness,

wanting nothing,

yet willing

to share

Thy Life

with Thy beloved.

Therefore

my soul

answereth

Thee:

Amen.

To Thy Love,

Amen.

To Thy Mercy,

Amen.

To Thy Wisdom,

Amen.

To Thy Justice,

Amen.

To Thy Peace,

Amen.

To Thy Kingdom,

Amen.

To Thy holy will,

Amen forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose every promise

is faithful

and true.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

the Amen,

the Faithful

and True Witness,

Holy Bridegroom,

in whom

every promise

of God

findeth

its everlasting

Yes.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

whose hidden Breath

teacheth

every faithful heart

to cry,

"Amen,"

with sincerity,

with hope,

and with joy.

Teach me,

O Lord,

that my whole life

may become

one continual

Amen.

When Thou

callest,

let me answer,

Amen.

When Thou

correctest,

let me answer,

Amen.

When Thou

comfortest,

let me answer,

Amen.

When Thou

leadest,

let me follow,

Amen.

When Thou

commandest,

let me obey,

Amen.

When Thou

embracest,

let my soul

rest,

Amen.

Let not

my lips

say,

"Amen,"

while my heart

wandereth afar.

Rather,

let every thought,

every word,

every deed,

and every breath

become

a living assent

unto Thy Love.

For Thou

hast never

ceased

to say Yes

unto Thy creation,

upholding

all things

by Thy Wisdom,

calling

all souls

unto Life,

and revealing

Thy Heart

through

the Eternal Logos.

One day,

every faithful

Amen

uttered

in faith,

every whispered

prayer,

every hidden

act of charity,

every tear

offered

in hope,

shall be gathered

into one

everlasting hymn.

Then shall

the Bride

stand complete

before

her Holy Bridegroom.

Then shall

the holy angels

rejoice

without ceasing.

Then shall

the saints

sing together

with one heart

and one voice.

No discord

shall remain.

No division

shall endure.

Only

the perfect harmony

of Divine Love,

flowing forever

from the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the everlasting

communion

of the Holy Spirit.

And the final word

shall not be

silence,

but everlasting praise.

Not sorrow,

but joy.

Not farewell,

but communion.

Not ending,

but fulfillment.

For all creation,

visible

and invisible,

shall answer

the Infinite Love

of God

with one

unceasing confession:

**Amen.

Amen.

Amen.**

Unto the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXIV

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the everlasting Sabbath of God, for she shall rest forever in the peace of the Eternal Kingdom.

Come,

O my soul,

and enter

into the Rest

prepared

from the beginning.

Cease

from every

restless labour.

Lay aside

every burden

that hindereth.

Release

every anxious care.

For the Lord

calleth thee,

not unto

weariness,

but unto

His everlasting Peace.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who, after

the work

of creation,

didst sanctify

the holy Rest,

not because

Thou wast weary,

but because

Thou wouldst

invite Thy children

into the joy

of perfect communion.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast become

our true Sabbath,

our Peace,

our Rest,

our everlasting Home.

In Thee

the wandering

findeth

its dwelling.

In Thee

the weary

findeth

refreshment.

In Thee

the fearful

findeth

peace.

In Thee

the exiled

findeth

the Father's House.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to rest

in Thee,

even while

my hands

still labour,

even while

my feet

still walk

the road

of pilgrimage.

For true rest

is not

the absence

of labour,

but the Presence

of God.

True peace

is not

the silence

of the world,

but the quiet

of the heart

that trusteth

in Thee.

When

my thoughts

become scattered,

gather them

unto Thyself.

When

my spirit

groweth weary,

renew it

with Thy Love.

When

my heart

becometh anxious,

let it remember

that Thou

art seated

upon Thy Throne,

and that

nothing

escapeth

Thy Providence.

Grant

that every

Lord's Day,

every hour

of prayer,

every moment

of stillness,

may become

a little foretaste

of that

great Sabbath

which hath

no ending.

For there

the saints

shall cease

from every sorrow.

There

the righteous

shall cease

from every struggle.

There

the faithful

shall cease

from every fear.

Yet Love

shall never cease.

Praise

shall never cease.

Joy

shall never cease.

The Holy City

shall dwell

in perfect peace.

The River of Life

shall flow

without interruption.

The Tree of Life

shall bear fruit

without season,

for eternity

knoweth

no winter.

The Uncreated Sun

shall shine

without setting.

The Holy Bridegroom

shall dwell

forever

with His Bride.

The Invisible Father

shall be

all in all.

Then shall

the everlasting Sabbath

be fulfilled.

Not one day

among many,

but one

eternal Day,

where every moment

is filled

with Divine Love,

every breath

with thanksgiving,

every heart

with perfect peace,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Rest

is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

our true Sabbath

and Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who giveth

peace

unto every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXV

Blessed is the soul that dwelleth forever in the inexhaustible Love of God, for every end shall become a new beginning within the endless Life of the Pleroma.

What shall I render

unto Thee,

O Lord,

for all

Thy benefits

toward me?

Thou hast

called me

from darkness

into Light.

Thou hast

led me

from exile

unto Home.

Thou hast

raised me

from death

unto Life.

Thou hast

changed

my mourning

into joy,

my wandering

into communion,

my poverty

into the riches

of Thy Grace.

Therefore

my soul

shall love Thee

forever.

Yet what

is forever,

O Lord,

before

Thine eternity?

It is not

an endless

counting

of days.

It is not

the slow passage

of ages.

It is

the endless

fullness

of Thy Presence,

where every moment

overfloweth

with new delight,

and every joy

openeth

unto greater joy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

Infinite

and Unsearchable,

whose Love

can never

be exhausted.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

in whom

the treasures

of Divine Wisdom

are without measure,

whose Beauty

groweth never old,

whose Mercy

is renewed

without ceasing,

whose Face

the redeemed

shall behold

forever,

yet never

cease

to wonder.

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

Living Breath

of God,

whose Communion

uniteth

all things

in perfect Charity,

whose Joy

knoweth

no decline,

whose Peace

knoweth

no end.

Teach me,

O Lord,

even now,

to live

the life

of eternity.

To forgive

without measure.

To rejoice

without envy.

To serve

without weariness.

To praise

without ceasing.

To love

without fear.

For these

are the beginnings

of Heaven

already planted

within

the faithful heart.

Every act

of charity

is a seed

of eternity.

Every prayer

is a breath

of Heaven.

Every mercy

is a reflection

of Thy Kingdom.

Every remembrance

of Christ

is already

a participation

in everlasting Life.

Therefore

let me

never despair.

For Thy Love

is always

greater.

Greater

than my weakness.

Greater

than my sin.

Greater

than my understanding.

Greater

than the whole

created order.

For Love

is the beginning.

Love

is the journey.

Love

is the fulfillment.

Love

is the everlasting song

of the saints.

When

the final hymn

of earth

hath been sung,

another hymn

shall begin.

When

the last prayer

of pilgrimage

hath been offered,

the prayer

of communion

shall never cease.

When

the final tear

hath been wiped away,

joy

shall overflow

without end.

For eternity

is not

the ending

of the story,

but its

everlasting flowering.

The Holy City

shall forever

grow

in beauty.

The River of Life

shall forever

flow

in gladness.

The Tree of Life

shall forever

bear

its healing fruit.

The Bride

shall forever

discover

new depths

of the Love

of her Eternal Bridegroom.

The holy angels

shall forever

sing

new songs

of wonder.

The redeemed

shall forever

enter

more deeply

into the infinite Mystery

of the Invisible Father,

whose Glory

can never

be exhausted.

Therefore

my final word

is not

farewell,

but praise.

Not completion,

but beginning.

Not ending,

but everlasting Life.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Love

is without beginning

and without end,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the everlasting communion

of the Holy Spirit,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXVI

Blessed is the soul that giveth eternal thanks unto God, for thanksgiving is the song of Heaven and the delight of the redeemed.

I will give

thanks

unto Thee,

O Lord,

while breath

remaineth

within me.

And when

breath

is exchanged

for immortality,

my thanksgiving

shall not cease,

but shall become

more perfect

before Thy Throne.

For every gift

cometh

from Thee.

The gift

of life.

The gift

of faith.

The gift

of hope.

The gift

of repentance.

The gift

of mercy.

The gift

of communion.

The gift

of Love,

which is

greater

than all gifts.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose generosity

knoweth

no measure,

who makest

the sun

to rise

upon the just

and the unjust,

who feedest

the birds

of the air,

who clothest

the lilies

of the field,

and who forgettest

not

even the least

of Thy children.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

for Thou

didst become

poor,

that we

might become

rich

in grace.

Thou didst

bear

our sorrow,

that we

might inherit

Thy joy.

Thou didst

taste death,

that we

might receive

everlasting Life.

How shall

my tongue

ever cease

to praise Thee?

Blessed art Thou,

O Holy Spirit,

Hidden Flame

of Divine Love,

who awakenest

gratitude

within the heart,

and turnest

ordinary days

into occasions

of worship.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to give thanks

not only

when blessings

are easily seen,

but also

when Thy wisdom

remaineth hidden.

Let me

give thanks

in abundance,

and in want.

In health,

and in weakness.

In laughter,

and in tears.

In the brightness

of morning,

and in

the stillness

of night.

For Thou

art good

in every season,

and Thy mercy

endureth forever.

Keep me

from

the forgetfulness

which poisoneth

the soul.

Let me

remember always

how often

Thou hast

lifted me,

forgiven me,

strengthened me,

guided me,

and loved me,

even when

I perceived it not.

May gratitude

become

the garment

of my heart.

May thanksgiving

become

the language

of my lips.

May praise

become

the labour

of my hands.

Thus shall

my whole life

become

a Eucharist,

a continual

offering

of thanksgiving

unto Thee.

Then,

when I enter

the Holy City,

I shall discover

that every

true thanksgiving

uttered

upon earth

was already

a little participation

in the worship

of Heaven.

There

the angels

shall give thanks.

The prophets

shall give thanks.

The apostles

shall give thanks.

The martyrs

shall give thanks.

The whole

redeemed Bride

shall give thanks

with one voice,

for every mercy

shall stand

fully revealed,

and every hidden grace

shall shine

like the stars

forever.

Then shall

my soul

bow

before

the Invisible Father,

embrace

the Eternal Logos,

rejoice

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

and sing

without ceasing:

**Thanks be unto God,

whose Love

never faileth,

whose Mercy

endureth forever,

whose Kingdom

shall never end.

Amen.

Alleluia.

Amen.

Psalm LXVII

Blessed is the soul that thirsteth forever for the living God, for her thirst shall become an eternal fountain of joy within the Pleroma.

As the deer

panteth

for the streams

of water,

so

my soul

longeth

for Thee,

O God.

Not merely

for Thy gifts,

but for

Thyself.

Not merely

for Thy blessings,

but for

Thy Presence.

Not merely

for consolation,

but for

the Face

of my Beloved.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Living Fountain

from whom

every river

of goodness

floweth.

Thou alone

canst satisfy

the longing

which Thou

hast planted

within

the human heart.

Every lesser spring

becometh dry.

Every earthly well

is emptied.

Every created joy

is but

a passing drop

before

the Ocean

of Thy Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst cry,

**"If any man thirst,

let him come

unto Me,

and drink."**

Therefore

I come.

Not because

I am worthy,

but because

I thirst.

Not because

I have arrived,

but because

Thou callest me.

Not because

my hands

are full,

but because

my soul

is empty

without Thee.

Fill me,

O Lord,

with the Living Water

which cannot

be exhausted.

Let it

wash away

my fear.

Let it

refresh

my weariness.

Let it

cleanse

my heart.

Let it

overflow

unto others,

that they also

may taste

the goodness

of God.

Teach me

never

to seek

my satisfaction

apart

from Thee.

For the heart

that drinketh

only

from the world

remaineth thirsty.

But the heart

that drinketh

of Christ

becometh

a fountain

of everlasting Life.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that this

holy thirst

may never perish.

For in Heaven

desire

is not destroyed,

but perfected.

The saints

never cease

to long

for Thee,

because

they never cease

to discover

new depths

of Thy infinite Love.

Every vision

openeth

unto greater Vision.

Every joy

unto greater Joy.

Every embrace

unto deeper Communion.

Thus

eternity

is filled

with wonder,

and Love

is forever

made new.

At last,

the River of Life

shall flow

before

the Throne

of the Invisible Father

and of the Lamb.

Its waters

shall be

clear as crystal.

Its music

shall gladden

every faithful soul.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

upon its banks,

and all

the redeemed

shall drink

without fear,

without measure,

without end.

Then shall

my thirst

become

everlasting delight,

for I shall

drink continually

of the inexhaustible

Life

of God,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXVIII

Blessed is the soul that ascendeth from glory unto glory in Christ, for she shall forever behold new depths of the Infinite Love of God.

Lead me onward,

O Lord,

for Thy Kingdom

knoweth

no end,

and Thy Glory

knoweth

no measure.

I have walked

many paths,

yet every faithful step

hath only

brought me

nearer

unto Thee.

I have learned

many truths,

yet every truth

hath opened

the door

unto a greater

wonder.

I have tasted

many joys,

yet every joy

hath whispered

of the Joy

that hath

no limit.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

Infinite

in Majesty,

Infinite

in Wisdom,

Infinite

in Goodness,

whose Being

cannot

be measured,

whose Beauty

cannot

be exhausted,

whose Love

cannot

be diminished.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

the faithful

are transformed

from glory

unto glory,

until they reflect,

ever more perfectly,

the Light

of the Invisible Father.

Every grace

received

from Thee

prepareth

the soul

for greater grace.

Every act

of charity

maketh room

for deeper love.

Every prayer

draweth

the heart

nearer

unto Thy Presence.

Every surrender

openeth

unto greater freedom.

Every vision

of Thy Beauty

awaketh

a deeper longing

to behold Thee.

Thus

the journey

of eternity

is never

weariness,

but endless

increase

of joy.

Teach me,

therefore,

never

to become

content

with mediocrity

in holiness.

Let me

always desire

greater faith.

Greater hope.

Greater charity.

Greater humility.

Greater wisdom.

Greater mercy.

Greater likeness

unto Christ.

For Thy Infinite Love

always

inviteth

the soul

to come

still nearer.

When I stumble,

raise me

unto greater strength.

When I rejoice,

lead me

unto greater gratitude.

When I understand,

lead me

unto greater wonder.

When I love,

lead me

unto greater communion.

For Thou

art inexhaustible,

and therefore

the joy

of Heaven

shall forever

increase.

The saints

shall never

cease

to grow

in wonder.

The angels

shall never

cease

to adore.

The Bride

shall never

cease

to discover

new beauties

within

her Eternal Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall forever

shine

with fresh splendour.

The River of Life

shall forever

overflow

with new delight.

The Tree of Life

shall forever

yield

its healing fruit.

The hymn

of Heaven

shall forever

be renewed,

not because

the old

is forgotten,

but because

the Infinite

can never

be exhausted.

Then shall

every holy Aeon

become

another revelation

of Thy Goodness.

Every moment

another gift.

Every breath

another praise.

Every embrace

another joy.

And Love

shall forever

lead

unto deeper Love,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

my Holy Bridegroom,

who leadeth

His redeemed

from glory

unto glory,

until all

are filled

with the fullness

of God.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Infinite Being

is the everlasting delight

of all creation,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Radiance

of His Glory,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

whose Life

reneweth

all things

without end,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

END OF VOLUME 2 OF 4